

**C N CALLING**

Here's a smile for those  
who love me,  
And a smile to those  
who hate,  
And, whatever skies  
above me,  
Here's a heart for any  
fate.

Number 1070 **SEPTEMBER 23, 1939**

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

The  
**GREAT FACT  
HITLER  
MISSED**

See page 8

Thursday 2d

Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny

# THE CN AND THE WAR

See  
Page  
Seven

## A Bomb For the RAF MESSAGE TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE

*The C N wishes to join the R A F. It would like a small corner of its Editorial Room and the chance to prepare the leaflets that our brave pilots spill in millions, night after night, like snowflakes over Germany. We should like to see them so simple that even children who pick them up on their way to school will understand.*

*We present this Bomb to the R A F for its next missionary flight.*

### To the German People

We, the British Bombing Planes, fly above you. We might drop bombs, but we drop this instead.

We have no ill-will towards you. We have no desire to encircle you. Your only enemy is the Nazi Government. It has kept the truth from you. It has made itself the Troubler of the World. It has terrorised all the nations round you.

We have tried to be friendly with Hitler and he will not. He has deceived us as he has deceived you. Three times our Prime Minister flew to Germany to make Peace. Three times Hitler has broken his word. He promised to preserve the independence of Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, and Poland.

Again and again he said, "I have no more territorial demands to make in Europe," and again and again he has seized the territory of small nations.

This cannot go on. Europe cannot be ruled by Force. We who are free to think and say and read what we will can never give up these things. It is unthinkable to us that a great nation like yours cannot endure unoffending nations on your borders. Why not leave them alone? They also have a right to Lebensraum. No nation has threatened Germany. The atrocity stories are untrue.

Germany's just claims could be settled round a table. President Roosevelt proposed three ways and Hitler would not have them. He never offered Poland a peaceful settlement.

### The Nazis rejected Peace and chose War

They chose to sacrifice your country to their lust for Power. They cannot win. They have brought you to bankruptcy. They have brought against you the inexhaustible powers of the Civilised World. Your merchant ships are swept off all the seas except the Baltic. All the energies and wealth of France and the British Empire are harnessed for a Three-Years War, and cannot be defeated.

It is the Nazis who have encircled you to serve their own ends. Why are you forbidden to listen to foreign news while other countries listen to all the world?

### It is because the Nazis dare not let you know the Truth

They control your books and papers and wireless. They put your minds into a concentration camp. That is why we are sending you this message instead of a Bomb.

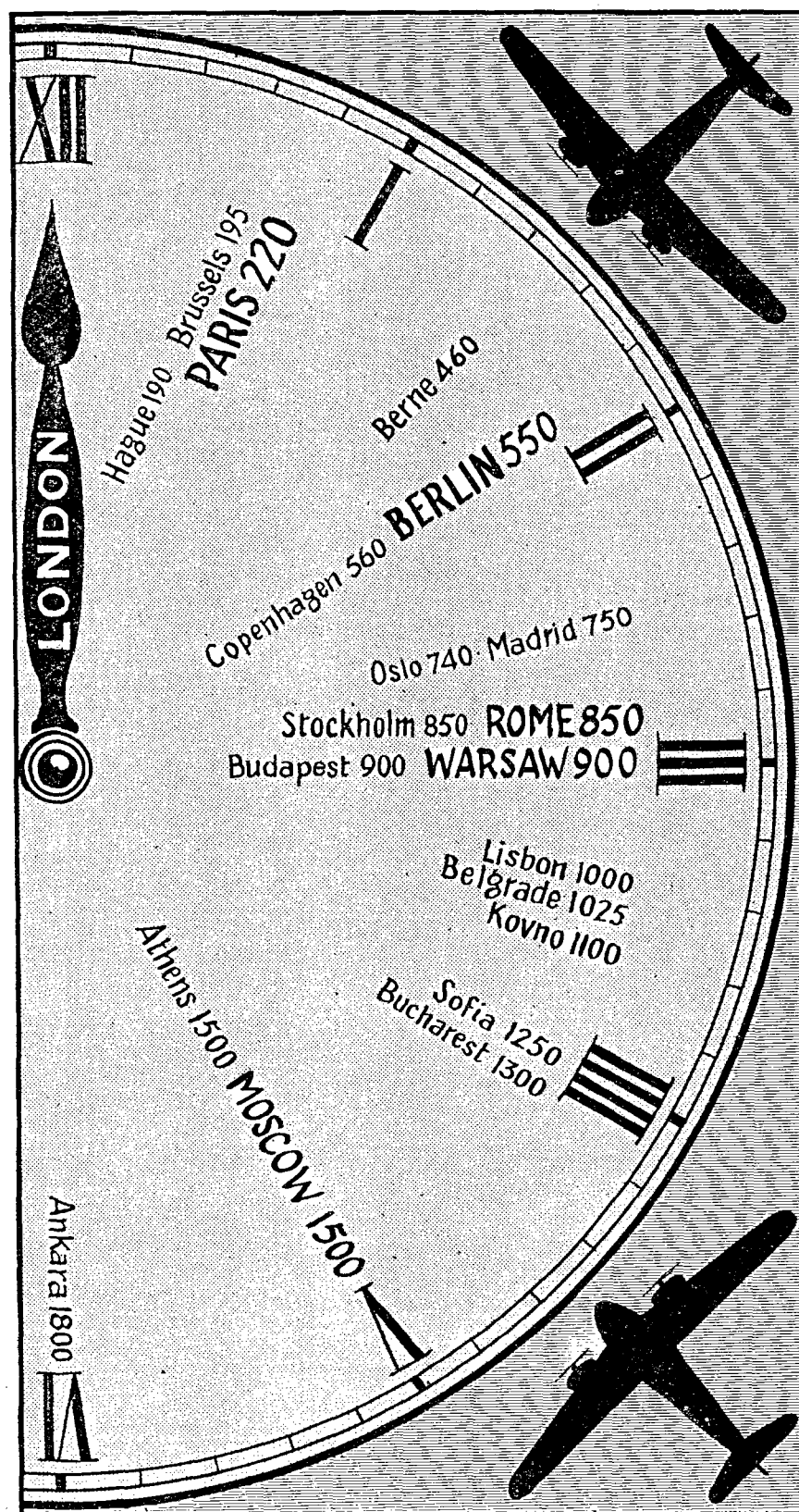
We are the enemies of no people. We wish you a happy life in your beautiful country, which could be rich and free if the Nazis would cease their troubling.

We fight only to end their tyranny over the weak, and their brutal use of Power. We are willing to make Peace with any German Government whose word can be relied on.

German Men and Women, this is our Air Raid Warning. We fly above you dropping this because we are your friends. We might drop bombs as you are sleeping, but we drop Truth instead. Now is your great hour. We fight not you but the Nazis who would make you slaves.

### German People, Awake

## The Clock of the Capitals



This diagram gives an idea of the distance in Time from London of Europe's chief capitals, travelling by air at 300 miles an hour. The approximate distance in miles is shown after the name of each city, which is placed on the dial in a position roughly corresponding to the hour hand of a clock, so that we can see how any capital in Europe could be reached by a modern plane in less time than it takes the hour hand to travel halfway round the clock. Even Ankara, Turkey's capital in Asia, would come within the six hours.



## A MAORI TRIBE AND ITS HERITAGE No Alcohol Wanted Here

Like so many of the dark-skinned races of the Empire, the Maoris have found to their cost that the alcohol of the white man is no use to them.

From New Zealand comes the news that the Maniapoto tribe held a meeting at its village near the town of Te Kuiti to discuss what was to be done about the agitation of the white settlers for the granting of liquor licences in the old domain of this tribe.

The Maniapoto Maoris live in what is called the King Country, the land formerly ruled by the so-called Maori King. For many years this territory of bush-clad mountains and fertile river valleys in the centre of the North Island of New Zealand was barred to white settlers. Then came the need for a railway through the King Country to link up the cities of Auckland and Wellington. The Government of the day persuaded the King Country Maoris to allow the railway to be built, and white settlers to make their homes along its route.

There was one important provision in the agreement, and that was that there should never be any sale of alcohol in the King Country, an area as big as the Midlands of England. That was fifty years ago, and there are now tens of thousands of white settlers, but no liquor bars.

The King Country Maoris have seen the evil effects of alcohol and are determined that no Government shall break the promise made to their grandfathers.

At the meeting of the Maniapoto tribe a resolution was carried unanimously opposing the granting of liquor licences and asking the Government to stiffen the law which enables white men to bring liquor into the district.

## The White Eagle

After Poland's rebirth in November 1918 she determined to issue and print her own stamps.

Matters were not sufficiently settled until after the signing of the Peace Treaty in 1919.

A striking feature connected with Poland's access to the sea is the appearance on these early stamps of a white



eagle on the edge of a cliff looking on at a ship in trouble on the sea.

*Poland was conscious that she had reached the sea.*

## Poor Denmark

Our good friend Denmark is very badly hit by the war, owing to her position.

Owing to the laying of mines the port of Copenhagen is choked with Danish and other shipping. This is costing Denmark dearly; the daily loss is said to be enormous.

Denmark is so much upset that she has lighted up her frontier to prevent plane mistakes, and has organised her air defence. They even talk of evacuating Copenhagen, that charming capital.

# The World Looks On

ALL the world, except the German Nazis, loves the little man who stands up to the big bully; and all the world's heart goes out to Poland.

All the world is looking on at the fight for liberty, and from the remotest corners come messages of encouragement. One comes from the Paramount Chief of Basutoland and his Councillors. Some of those who only England know may be unaware of what the Basutos stand for. They have been one of the finest fighting races of South Africa in the past, and in the present are one of its best ordered and prosperous peoples. It is good to know that the Basutos are on our side.

From the easterly corner of Arabia comes a message from the Sultan of Oman, who rules a territory as big as the United Kingdom, and is its master beyond dispute. He is on our side; his hopes go with us. From his country come the finest dates in the world.

The Sheik of Bahrein, whose land looks on the Persian Gulf and the richest pearl fisheries in the world, reaffirms his steadfast loyalty and friendship to the British Crown, and all the support he and his people can give. He has much to give, for the Bahrein Petroleum Company stands twelfth in the world's yearly output of oil. But it is the encouragement which Sheikh Sir Hamad bin Isa al Khalifa of Bahrein offers us that is the pearl of great price.

## The Island of Peace in Europe's Storm

SPAIN stands today at the parting of the ways. Further strife, or safety first?

Straws may show how the wind blows; and General Franco's decision to turn to the United States for manufactured goods seems a token that the wind is blowing from the west, and that Spain wants no further entanglement with those who fed the flames of her civil war.

The painful memories of that war which all but wrecked her must be continually present with her. She wants no more of strife. She knows too much about it, knows that it remedies nothing, and that its scars are long to heal.

So if she is wise (and that she seems inclined to be) she will renounce all ambitions of imperial or warlike expansion, and cement together the

Our naval men who patrol the Persian Gulf, and know it for the hottest cruising ground in the world, know also the Sheik of Koweit and the Sheik of Dabai, who rule fierce men on its shores. Other Britons will now have cause to remember these two rulers, for they offer all they have to give.

Then there are the 20 million Nigerians, who live up-country in the highlands of the African West Coast. They know us and we know their people and their chief. In this hour of our struggle they join in expressing their determination to do all they can do to aid us.

To Ceylon we gave self-government, and Ceylon now repays us by offering all its wholehearted support to us in our prosecution of a just war; and Tanganyika, which has known the German hand in the past, now rises to say it is to Britain that its wholehearted and willing service in her war efforts is pledged.

Malta has often found fault with us, but not now; it is coming in and joining up.

Last, but far from least, are the offers from Palestine. Arab and Jew have been at loggerheads for a deplorably long time. Nothing the British Government could offer would prevent them from coming to blows. But now, in the hour when Britain calls, they forget their disputes. They stop fighting one another and will fight for us.

possessions she has. These are considerable. She has first and foremost a people who have proved their determination and their fortitude on the stricken fields of war. If they will turn them to the pursuit of peace the way lies open before them to a new El Dorado.

No country in troubled Europe is safer. It is the one land which none will invade, none strive to oppress. While others less fortunate are at war, she can bend all her energies to the reconstruction of her commerce, and the enlargement and consolidation of her resources, agricultural and mineral.

They are great, and all Europe (and America also) will be her paying customers. Safety is hers for the taking, and she well knows what we all know—that Peace is best.

## The Electric Nose

AN electric nose has been invented for measuring a smell.

It was bound to come. Sound can be electrically transmitted by wireless, pictures have followed, and the electric nose is the first step towards sending smell over the wire, and after that without wires.

At present the electric nose is employed in a practical way for measuring leakage from gas mains. The instrument ends in a long thin nose like a miniature elephant's trunk, which can be inserted into crevices along the gas main.

The man in charge presses a button, and if there is a leak a sample of

the gas is quickly drawn up into a test chamber, where it flows over a platinum wire through which is passing an electric current.

This sensitive wire registers on a meter the presence of gas, if there is a leak, and, more than that, the percentage of it in the sample examined. So sensitive is this electrical instrument that it can detect the difference between coal gas and sewer gas. It could in time be made to analyse smells submitted to it for examination, and the next step, if that should ever prove desirable, would be to transmit the smell to a distance by wire, or even by wireless.

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

The Old War Horse Fund acknowledges with gratitude the thirty bun pennies sent by a Midland reader of the C.N.

Ponies in the New Forest are painted with white stripes so that they will be more easily seen by motorists in the dark.

*We hear that many of our militiamen are calling their steel helmets Battle Bowlers.*

Canada has declared war for the first time in her history—against Germany, of course.

There are to be four meatless days a week in Greece.

So that their work for the rest of the blind community should go on uninterrupted, 60 blind men and women at the National Institute for the Blind have refused to be evacuated.

*No picture postcards are now allowed to be sent to foreign countries.*

There are practically no German merchant ships now on the seas.

## A Postal Order is Money Now

Perhaps it is not yet fully realised that under the war regulations a postal order has become paper money. It can be tendered as money anywhere, and a shopkeeper is bound to accept it.

The Government made this change as a ready means of increasing the supply of currency.

## THINGS SEEN

A duck taking an ice-cream from the ice-cream man's hand, in Lincolnshire.

The ruins of Pompeii floodlit twice a week.

Three jet-black rabbits in a field in Surrey.

Britons standing to attention for God Save the King during an air raid in Warsaw.

A notice outside a London cinema saying, "Nearest Kinema Open, Aberystwyth."

A man too old for military service sitting in a Shropshire garden making toys for evacuated children.

A publisher using Hitler's Mein Kampf as sandbags in his office.

A lorry full of sand in the nave of Canterbury Cathedral.

A girl in Highgate Woods filling her gas-mask box with blackberries.

A pear, looking perfect on the tree, completely hollowed out by wasps.

## THINGS SAID

No nation can stand against the centralised will of the British people.

A German statesman

You can drop a bomb somewhere, but you can broadcast the truth everywhere.

Sir Walford Davies's taximan

Let us all show a good example by doing cheerfully what we see to be our duty.

The Boys Brigade

Those who trust in themselves will never endure to the end.

Dean of St Paul's

We shall stand together, united with our fellows against the enemy of all mankind.

Rabbi Caspar

Our best friend in a dangerous world is the British Commonwealth.

General Smuts

Great Britain is fighting for the return of decency in international relations.

Ministry of Information



## A MONSTER FOR THE POLE

### With Four Men Inside It

A huge monster carrying an aeroplane on its back and with four men inside it will soon be on its way to the South Pole.

The monster is an ice cruiser built specially by the American Government to take four scientists on an Antarctic expedition. At first glance the cruiser looks like a streamlined bus, and at second glance like a tank. It is 55 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 15 feet high, and will carry enough petrol for 5000 miles and enough supplies to last a year. It has four rubber tyres 10 feet in diameter.

It is an amazingly agile monster. It can tackle anything: mountains, crevasses, or snowstorms. The cabin of the cruiser can be elevated or lowered, and the cruiser can move laterally at an angle and is as good at turning on a sixpence as a London taxi. Capable of a speed of from 10 to 30 miles an hour, the combined horsepower of the two Diesel electric units is 240. The four men will be able to move about in six compartments: the control-room, engine-room, machine shop, living quarters, galley, and store-room.

It is always the adventurers who accomplish great things, said Montesquieu, and these adventurers of 1939 consider that their amazing vehicle is the most practical and efficient means of Polar exploration and that the world may expect to hear of great achievements very soon.

## The Call of the Piper

London looks odd to anyone who comes into it from the country. It is so empty.

Not that London ever is really empty, any more than any big town, but it is emptier than usual. Not so empty and quiet as on a Sunday, or as the City on a bank holiday. What is it?

Suddenly it occurs to us as we walk about. The children are gone! They have followed the Pied Piper into the country, the joyous land:

*Joining the town and just at hand,  
Where waters gushed, and fruit trees  
grew,  
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,  
And everything was strange and new.*

London is missing them, for 700,000 have gone, and they leave a gap hard to fill. All the other big towns find the same thing and miss the

*Little hands clapping and little tongues  
chattering,  
Like fowls in a farmyard when barley  
is scattering.*

But the Pied Piper who has called them will surely bring them back, and meanwhile they are enjoying themselves, and the country is enjoying them too.

### TO EVERYONE

*Stop, look, and listen before you cross the  
street;  
Use your eyes, use your ears, and then  
use your feet;*

**And Cross by the Safeway**

## Far Away From Town



Little evacuees helping with the harvest on the East Coast



An after-dinner nap



Gathering blackberries on the Sussex Downs

## FAIR WAVES THE GOLDEN CORN

### Canada's Thrilling Spectacle

On the wheatfields of Canada, while the war rages in Europe, the farmers are garnering a golden harvest.

Only once before has there been such a bumper crop as this of 450 million bushels now in sight. It is a sight to rejoice the heart of man. On this, the second cornfield of the world, joined to the boundless cornfields of the United States, the reapers are at work—not the reapers our fathers knew, sweeping up the yellow stalks with skilful sickle, but the mechanical reapers of today, which each can do the work of a score of men, levelling the crop and gathering it into the stooks as if by magic. Before their onslaught the prairie's yield, so lately rippling like a golden ocean as the winds swept across it from the west, is disappearing. Soon the prairie will be close shaved again, dun brown, yet still holding another year's promise, when the steam plough and the sower have got to work again—and the wheat, the oats, the barley will be gone.

### Oxen With Iron Mouths

Gone to feed the hungry millions waiting for it; gone first of all to the modern threshing floors, as different as any could imagine from the threshing floors of old, where oxen did the work of the machine, and the Book of Wisdom enjoined the husbandman not to muzzle the ox that treadeth the corn. The oxen of the Canadian wheatfields have iron mouths and gigantic appetites, but keep no grain for their own perquisite.

Then to the grain elevators, where the harvest is lifted up in millions of grains, and pours down again into the holds of waiting ships in a roaring flood of grains; and so to be carried by the ships to hundreds of ports overseas.

The world is waiting for the harvest of the prairies, and come peace, come strife, its needs must be satisfied. It will not go hungry this year; but it is the strangest commentary on the waywardness of mankind that kindly Mother Nature should offer men one of the most abundant of her harvests, the Staff of Life, when they, neglectful of their great blessings, are busy harvesting the fields of death.

## It Comes Back

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

So reads one of the Beatitudes. It has always seemed to us that this is the beginning of a long chapter, the rest of it being left to our imagination. Surely we can fill it in from experience—blessed are they that do good, for good shall be done to them; blessed are they who help others, for they shall be helped (by men or by God). So we might go on.

It is not only that the merciful obtain mercy. It is an illustration of the law of life—we receive what we give. It is true of all happy people.

Live for yourself alone and you are left to yourself alone. Enrich others and you enrich yourself. Show mercy, and the everlasting mercy is yours.



# THE BALTIC AND AROUND IT

THE first shots from a naval vessel in this, the Last War, were fired in the Baltic, the northern sea which heard almost the last shots fired in anger in the aftermath of the Great War.

As part of the invasion of Poland on the fatal morning of September the First the German Navy took possession of some positions near the Bay of Danzig, and Gdynia was both bombed from the air and shelled from sea.

After the end of the war it was not until the early days of 1920 that the British Baltic Fleet left for home after its work in helping to protect the new Baltic States from destruction by the Bolshevik forces. It may be said that Riga, Memel, and other ports owed their freedom to the British Navy.

## Daring Great Things

For nearly six years our ships had been daring great things in this enclosed sea, submarines creeping in through the Skager Rak and the Cattegat, and crawling through the shallow Sound where they all but touched bottom. At first our British submarines came to aid our Russian ally, whose weaker ships had engaged the German Navy, and a cruiser and a destroyer were among the first to fall before our under-water craft. We had many successes in the Baltic in 1915, driving off the vessels helping Hindenburg's advance into Latvia. By the autumn our submarines had established a stringent blockade of the German coast, and it was not till the Russian Fleet was paralysed by the Revolution that the Germans were able to do practically what they liked in the Baltic, securing for their factories the iron wealth of Sweden, and finally taking Riga in September 1917.

But for the fact that so much of it is icebound during many months of the year the Baltic would be even more valuable than it is to European trade. It has most valuable river connections which form natural routes penetrating deeply into Eastern and Central Europe, many deep bays, and some magnificent harbours.

## A Tideless Sea

With an area of 170,000 square miles, its greatest length is over 900 miles, and it is from 45 to 145 miles wide. The coastline is 5000 miles long, being broken by the estuaries of 200 rivers, which include the Vistula, the Oder, and the Niemen from the lowlands on the east, while shorter rivers rush down from the mountainous backbone of Scandinavia. Nature has not carved this vast sea to any great depth, with the result that the rivers make its water brackish, a feature intensified by the land-locked character of the tideless sea.

It is the big Danish islands of Zealand and Funen that almost make the Baltic a lake, while stretching across the narrower part where the Gulf of Bothnia extends north between Finland and Sweden are the Åland Islands. In all, the islands in the Baltic have an area of over 5000 square miles, with a million inhabitants.

Sweden, itself but 3000 square miles bigger than the Baltic, with Stock-



holm, her capital, and Malmö, her third biggest city, as important seaports, forms the western coast. The northern half of the east coast is formed by Finland, whose capital of Helsinki is on the Gulf of Finland. This gulf is the seaway to the River Neva, on which stands Leningrad, with Kronstadt and its powerful forts hard by. Russia can today boast only 200 miles of the shores of the Baltic, for Estonia owns the southern shore of the Gulf of Finland, and after Tallinn, her capital (formerly known as Reval), is passed this shore turns south into the Gulf of Riga, to be shared with Latvia. The port of Riga lies at the mouth of the River Dvina at the head of the gulf, and is still one of the Baltic ports through which Russian trade passes.

## Memel and Danzig

Ventspils, at the mouth of the River Windau, and Liepāja, on the open sea, are rapidly growing Latvian ports having direct railway communication with Moscow, while Liepāja (formerly Libau) is now exporting much of Lithuania's produce, for that State has lost her valuable port of Memel to Germany and has now only about a dozen miles of sea-coast.

Memel and its territory were seized by Hitler last March to be fortified and included in East Prussia, which with its ports of Königsberg and Elbing lies where the Baltic coastline turns west. Danzig is next, with the Polish Corridor dividing it from Germany.

The whole of the southern coast of the Baltic is divided between the States of Prussia and Mecklenburg, the Prussian part being known as Pomerania. It is mostly flat country clad by pine forests, and the coastline is broken by lagoons at the river mouths. The most famous of these is that formed by the River Oder, which widens out after passing Stettin and reaches the sea through three chief openings, the port of Swinemünde being on the central one.

Another great seaport is Stralsund, on the channel separating the Prussian mainland from Rugen, her biggest Baltic island and most popular holiday resort. Rostock, near the mouth of the River Warnau, is the chief seaport of Mecklenburg, which in the south-west corner of the Baltic shares Lubeck Bay with the tiny German States of Lubeck and Oldenburg. The area of Prussia known as Schleswig-Holstein borders the rest of the Baltic up to the Danish boundary, and it is from the head of the last great bay that the Kiel Canal runs through the peninsula to Brunsbüttel, at the mouth of the Elbe. Flensburg on its fiord is the last German town on the Baltic and controls the roads leading into Denmark. So, from Flensburg to Memel, the

# On a Peaceful Morning in Denmark

Denmark is full of anxiety just now, but one of our correspondents sends us this story of what happened there the other day.

It was a peaceful summer morning in Denmark, with the bees humming in the clover and the swallows twittering under the eaves—one of those ordinary humdrum mornings when it seems as though nothing exciting or out-of-the-way could possibly happen; yet it was destined to witness tragedy and to reveal a hero.

A woman stepped out of her cottage to call her children to breakfast; and as she did so she heard the frightening sounds which come from a bull in a rage. Running in the direction of the sound, she saw, to her horror, her neighbour Farmer Svendsen being tossed and trampled by his three-year-old bull. Not knowing what else to do, she sent one of her children running to the farm for help.

The little girl found no one there but 15-year-old Holger Andersen, a boy in the farmer's employ. Holger had no sooner grasped the situation than he set off at a gallop towards the scene of disaster. As he ran his eyes fell on the half of an oar which had been cast aside as useless, and he snatched it up without relaxing his speed. The bull was still stamping

and raging over his master's prostrate body. Without an instant's hesitation Holger rushed up to him and dealt him four vigorous blows between the horns. At the fourth blow the stump of the oar broke in his hands, whereupon he cast the pieces aside and grasped the bull's halter. As by a miracle the infuriated animal suddenly calmed down and stood still with lowered head. The boy's one idea was to lead him away from the injured man, but first the man had to be disentangled from the ends of the halter, which the bull, in his mad plungings, had wound round and round the farmer's legs. Holger performed this delicate task with one hand, and without looking, for he dared not take his eyes off the bull for an instant, lest he lose his hold on him. At last he was able to lead him away to his pen, and as he moved off some grown-ups arrived on the scene.

It was then discovered that Farmer Svendsen was dead. Holger's heroic deed had come too late, but that was not his fault. Asked why he had not been content to grasp the bull's halter, but had risked drawing its fury on himself by his blows, he answered, "Why, don't you see? I had to make him respect me first."

## Truth Falls from the Sky

*HISTORY will long remember the first visits of the R.A.F. to Germany in Hitler's War.*

*Many times our aeroplanes flew over German towns and villages, and many times they could have dropped bombs.*

*But instead of bombs they dropped the Truth, over ten million leaflets with these words on them:*

German men and women,

The Government of the Reich have with cold deliberation forced war upon Great Britain. They have done so knowing that it must involve mankind in a calamity worse than that of 1914.

Never has Government ordered subjects to their death with less excuse. This war is utterly unnecessary. Germany was in no way threatened or deprived of justice. Was she not allowed to re-enter the Rhineland, to achieve the Anschluss, and to take back the Sudeten Germans in peace? Neither we nor any other nation would have sought to limit her advance, so long as she did not violate independent non-German peoples.

Every German ambition just to others might have been satisfied

through friendly negotiation. President Roosevelt offered you both peace with honour and the prospect of prosperity. Instead, your rulers have condemned you to the massacre, miseries, and privations of a war they cannot even hope to win.

It is not us, but you they have deceived. For years their iron censorship has kept from you truths that even uncivilised peoples know. It has imprisoned your minds in (as it were) a concentration camp. Otherwise they would not have dared to misrepresent the combination of peaceful peoples to secure peace as hostile encirclement. We had no enmity against you, the German people.

This censorship has also concealed from you that you have not the means to sustain protracted warfare. Despite crushing taxation you are on the verge of bankruptcy. Our resources and those of our allies in men, arms, and supplies are immense. We are too strong to break by blows, and we could wear you down inexorably.

You, the German people, can, if you will, insist on peace at any time. We also desire peace, and are prepared to conclude it with any peace-loving Government in Germany.

Continued from the previous column

naval might of Germany reigns supreme, and we can well understand the present anxiety of those small countries which share the trade of the Baltic with her, whether it is trade from port to port on this inland sea or trade through the Cattegat and Skager Rak to the world at large. Poland's fight for her tiny strip of coast is a test case for the future freedom of all the other Baltic ports.

## Donations to the Refugee Fund

Miss Edith Capron . . . .	2s 6d
C.N. Reader's Bun Pennies . .	3s 4d
Ethelbert Road Girls' School, Faversham . . . .	2s 6d
Mrs A. Maud Evans . . . .	£1 0s 0d
St Leonards Reader . . . .	2s 0d
M.A.S., Sidcup (2nd donation) .	£1 0s 0d
The total of the C.N. fund for the Vienna boys is now £152 10s 5d.	



## BRAVO MR CADBY

By his quick thinking and courage Mr Jefferson Cadby saved many lives in Montclair, New Jersey, the other day.

It happened that a big truck loaded with cement got out of control and began careering towards the busy shopping centre. Seeing the danger, Mr Cadby leapt into his car and, at great peril to himself, *drove it in front of the runaway truck*. He blew his horn for all he was worth to warn motorists and pedestrians to get out of the way as quickly as they could.

This wild chase went on for nearly a mile, until at last the driver of the lorry managed to regain control of it and all was well. No lives had been lost and nothing had been damaged, thanks to the presence of mind of a citizen of Montclair.

## THE DEAR OLD LADIES

We hear of two pairs of dear old ladies who seem to be taking life calmly in these anxious times.

Two of them were in Downing Street when one (carrying an umbrella) said, "Let me see, my dear, who is our Prime Minister just now?"

The other two were near the Victoria Tower close by, when one, seeming rather proud of her knowledge of London, remarked, "This is where the B B C do all their broadcasting."

## A GIANT'S JAW

A Russian schoolmaster in the Saratov Province saw on the slopes of a slate quarry what appeared to be a row of big teeth projecting from the ground, and he dug up a huge fragment of a jawbone.

Experts declared it to be part of the jaw of a plesiosaurus, a reptile which existed in what is known as the Jurassic period, about 140 million years ago. The fragment was only 20 inches long, but it was estimated that the complete jaw must have been several feet long. It is thought that it may belong to the biggest plesiosaurus yet found.

## THE LION IN THE DARK

A lion having escaped from a circus at Mackay in Queensland, there was a thrilling lion hunt, and the hero of the episode was Mr Ashton, a veterinary surgeon. When the lion took refuge under a house he threw a lasso into the darkness, and was as astonished as the lion must have been when the rope fell round the animal's neck. Then he quickly pulled the rope taut and the snarling beast was made captive.

## AN ATLANTIC SURPRISE

The other day an American lady leaned over the rail of the Normandie and waved goodbye to her husband standing on the wharf in New York.

When she arrived in Southampton she got the surprise of her life, for her husband was there to greet her! *Two days after having seen her sail he had boarded the Atlantic Clipper and flown to Europe.*

## THE TALKING LETTER

We have been asked not to use the telephone unnecessarily, so we have all been writing more letters. We should have been glad of an invention now reported from America.

A letter is spoken into the microphone of a small machine and recorded on a very thin and flexible sheet of material which can be folded and posted. When it is received the voice of the sender is reproduced on another small machine.

A sheet of the material costs about threepence and records about 7800 words.

## Africa's Men of the Trees

MASHONALAND had its Men of the Trees long before our own Tree Men began their work in our countryside.

The Mashonas not only love and preserve trees, they have long worshipped them, regarding them as the preservers of peace and the guardians of rain.

The most sacred of their trees was the Muti-sine-zita, which means the Tree Without a Name. From all over Mashonaland the tribes came to pay reverence to it till it was blown down in a gale.

Other trees connected with religious rites are the White Trees of Northern Mashonaland, which are

called the rain-makers, and stand in a grove which no man must enter lest he should thereby affront the Spirit of the Rain.

A tree of a different kind is Citamuzi, the Tree of Discord. It is widely grown, but it must never be used for fuel, and no bough or twig of it must ever be taken into a native hut.

Last in the list of celebrated trees of the Mashonas is the Umpafa, which is planted wherever a new village site is chosen. It is the village tree; and we might see in it the birth of the idea of a Mashona Garden City.

It is at any rate an excellent way to begin a village.

## The Bad Boy of the Daisy Family

NEVER before, probably, has such a year for weeds in field and garden been known as this.

The wild things flourish, many of them beautiful, some of them noxious, and the farmers are hard put to it to destroy them before the flower-heads run to seed.

Thistle is bad enough, but ragwort is worse. This peculiar plant, which even rabbits will not eat, is covering great areas with its yellow flowers. It is impossible to deny that the result is beautiful, for the yellow is golden; but, that said, the plant is a terrible and perennial nuisance. It appears to be spreading everywhere and is costly to keep under. Labour

is short in many districts, and yet the cultivator has to get rid of unbidden crops of more than useless herbage.

The evil must be tackled. Thistle and nettle and ragwort and bracken are common enemies of both farmer and gardener, and at the rate they are spreading represent a serious loss to the countryside.

Ragwort is the food plant of a gaudy caterpillar which is so strongly flavoured that birds will not eat it. Some say that it is poisonous to cattle. However that may be, the plant itself smells most unpleasantly. It belongs to the daisy family, but it is the bad boy of the family.

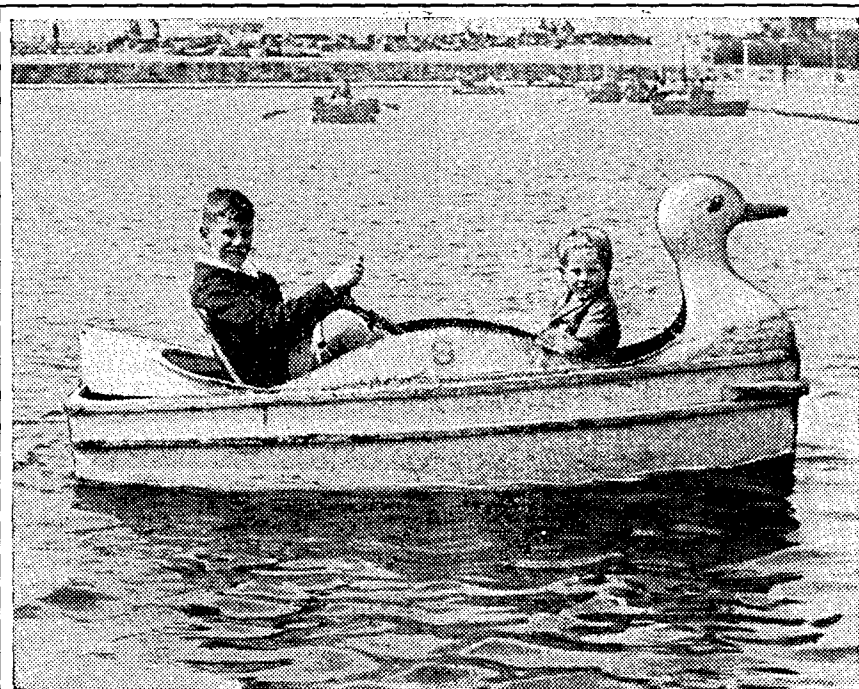
## Life With 24 Hours of Sunshine

THE suggestion has been made by an official of the American Government that the strict immigration laws should be relaxed in the case of their Territory of Alaska to allow the entry of refugees.

He points out that this northern territory of the United States has an area, climate, and resources that compare with Scandinavia, but a population of only about 60,000. It is thought that the large number of skilled artisans who have been forced to flee from their Nazi persecutors in Central Europe might be able to create and develop industries in the territory and encourage the settlement of new population.

In 1935, as readers of the CN will recall, a number of men and women who had lost their employment in the United States emigrated to Alaska and founded a colony in the Matanuska Valley. At last they are within sight of prosperity, for their farms and gardens have flourished under the 24-hour sunshine during the summer of the sub-Arctic, and 200 families have combined with considerable success to market their produce under a cooperative scheme.

The latest report is that the colonists have experienced for the first time a shortage of space for storing their crops, but this, of course, is being remedied.



The duck boat on the children's lake at St Anne's-on-Sea—a reader's photograph

## THE LOST LEADER

While American archaeologists were exploring a ruined Red Indian village in Arizona they made a remarkable discovery.

An excavated chamber appeared to contain nothing but arrows, but when 400 of these were removed many other objects were revealed—jars and bowls, earrings and necklaces, wands and rattles, and a lovely basket covered with turquoise inlay made of more than 1500 stones.

The chamber proved to be the tomb of a Redskin chief who was buried about 700 years ago, and we may imagine the last tribute of his people, the women and children offering their gifts before the braves cast in the 400 arrows for their lost leader to use in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

## BUILDING A PALACE IN KINGDOM COME

The toy library is spreading all over America; Chicago has just opened its twelfth.

More than 19,000 boys and girls in this great city are regular visitors to these libraries, and they are having the time of their lives, racing round on a scooter one week or playing with an electric train the next.

Besides giving harassed mothers in poor districts a rest by keeping the youngsters out of mischief, these playrooms are giving employment to many people, supervisors as well as toy-menders, whose clever fingers are kept hard at work rejuvenating toys for the little ones. As John Masefield has said:

*And he who gives a child a treat  
Makes joy-bells ring in Heaven's street,  
And he who gives a child a home  
Builds palaces in Kingdom come.*

## THE PLUCK OF TWO MEN

We hear from New Zealand and Queensland of two cases of remarkable physical endurance.

William Mason and his son were walking near Wellington when they injured themselves by falling into a stony creek. The son was unable to move, but the father gritted his teeth and, though his ankle was broken and his head injured, crawled for seven hours to the nearest settlement.

William Simmonds, an elderly prospector living in the Bush at Mount Garnet, near Cairns, broke his hip in a fall. Knowing that he probably would never be found if he stayed where he was, he made splints from bush timber and began to crawl to the water-hole five miles away. Eight days later a rescue party found him, propped up against a tree swatting mosquitoes, in good spirits after his long wait for help to come.

## THE SCOOTER BOYS

Telegraph boys in Chicago are having the time of their lives delivering their messages on motor scooters instead of bicycles.

These midget machines, which do 120 miles on a gallon of petrol, have been found to be very practical in parts of the city where the traffic is very heavy.

## STRANGE

British gardeners in charge of war cemeteries in Germany (containing over 6000 British war graves) have had to come home, and the German War Graves Service is to tend the British graves in Berlin, Cologne, Hamburg, and Cassel during this war.

Strange that we can agree to be friends about the dead while we must be enemies with the living.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 23 1939

## Comfort Ye

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people,  
saith your God.

Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem,  
and cry unto her that her warfare is  
accomplished, that her iniquity is  
pardoned; for she hath received of  
the Lord's hand double for all her  
sins. The voice of him that crieth in  
the wilderness, Prepare ye the way  
of the Lord, make straight in the  
desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and  
every mountain and hill shall be made  
low; the crooked shall be made  
straight, and the rough places plain;  
the glory of the Lord shall be revealed,  
and all flesh shall see it together, for  
the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

The voice said, Cry. And he said,  
What shall I cry? All flesh is grass,  
and all the goodness thereof is as  
the flower of the field; the grass  
withereth, the flower fadeth, but the  
word of our God shall stand for ever.

O Zion, that bringest good tidings,  
get thee up into the high mountain!  
O Jerusalem, that bringest good  
tidings, lift up thy voice with strength.  
Lift it up, be not afraid: say unto  
the cities of Judah, Behold your God!  
Behold, the Lord God will come with  
strong hand. Isaiah

## Dominion

SOMEBODY has been remembering  
how Canada was called a Do-  
minion.

It was long before the word was used  
for the sister nations of the British  
Empire. The delegates of New Bruns-  
wick and Nova Scotia were discussing  
with the Colonial Office an Act to draw  
these provinces into a Union, and the  
Prime Minister of Canada suggested  
that the Union should be called the  
Kingdom of Canada. Then came for-  
ward the Nova Scotia delegate and said:

*I was reading in my Bible this morn-  
ing these words, "His dominions shall  
be from sea even unto sea, and from the  
river even to the ends of the earth." From  
sea unto sea—from the Atlantic to the  
Pacific. From the river to the ends of  
the earth—from St Lawrence to the  
Arctic. Let us call it the Dominion.*

And Dominion it was.

## Sing

WOULD you be helpful in the strife,  
To souls a fortress strong,  
To take the common things of life  
And weave them into song?

Then shall you prove that priceless  
part,  
And all the joy it brings:  
There is a place in every heart  
For any man who sings.

Egbert Sandford

Every duty which is bidden to wait  
returns with seven fresh duties at its  
back.

Charles Kingsley



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



## Every Little Helps the Nation

THERE is one simple way in which  
we can all help the nation; it is  
by being truly economical.

So much that we eat and use has  
to be brought in by ships, and so  
much man-power has to be used in  
the Navy, Army, and Air Force,  
that we should cut down consumption  
in every possible way. We must not  
dream of wasting anything. Coal  
supplies and petrol supplies are com-  
pulsorily reduced, and we should do  
all we can to use even less than we  
are allowed. Cars should be used  
only when necessary, not only to  
save petrol but because the roads  
should be kept as clear as possible.

## Poor But Rich

THOSE who have to face adversity  
and deep privation in these days  
are in the true list of succession to  
heroes.

We were talking the other day of  
Frank Wild, who has lately passed  
away, and a correspondent reminds us  
that this great Polar explorer, colleague  
of Scott and Shackleton, lost £6000 in  
cotton-farming when he settled down  
to a quiet life at last, and was so poor  
that he was allowed £170 a year from  
the Civil List.

Poor indeed, yet rich in courage, as  
was right and proper with Captain  
Cook's great-great-grandson.

## Be Prepared

WE shall all agree with the Editor  
of The Countryman, Mr Robert-  
son Scott, that we cannot afford to go  
on spending £257,000,000 on alcohol,  
£200,000,000 on tobacco, unknown  
millions on gambling, and more un-  
known millions on other luxuries.

We must all try to live more simply,  
build up our reserves, and be prepared  
for whatever hard times may come.

## JUST AN IDEA

*It is very true that the man who  
is perpetually hesitating which of two  
things he will do first will do neither.*

Peter Puck  
Wants to Know

If idle curiosity  
keeps people busy

## Under the Editor's Table

NEVER go into the sea after a meal, says a swimming  
expert. It probably won't be fit to eat, anyway.

A MAN complains that slugs  
eat the greens in his  
garden. So he gets the blues.

POLISH stamps are in de-  
mand. Poland has cer-  
tainly put her foot down.

PEOPLE do not mind having  
to screen their lights.  
They are not put out.

CABBAGES 15 feet round  
have been grown in  
Lincolnshire. The others  
are green with envy.

## A Little Thing

OFTEN a little thing shows a great  
spirit behind it.

This is so, we think, in the case of  
the thought of the King for the welfare  
of two of his Ministers. He has  
given keys of Buckingham Palace  
gardens to Lord Halifax and Mr Eden  
so that they may shorten their walk  
to Downing Street.

BLOWING bagpipes is hard  
work, says a Scotsman.  
Sounds like playing.

ITALY is going to keep all  
her lemons. Thinks  
Britain is sharp enough  
without.

A TENNIS star says her  
racquet is three years old.  
She should celebrate its birth-  
day with a ball.

HITLER is said to be musical.  
He must learn to sing  
another tune.

## The Clever Young Man

By the Pilgrim

WE have heard from America this  
story of a clever young man, a  
builder, whose first big contract came  
about in a curious way.

He was asked by a rich man to build  
a house. "I hear that you are to  
marry my housekeeper," said the rich  
man, "and I should like to give you  
a chance to get on. I want a house  
with six bedrooms, two sitting-rooms,  
and a garage. Have the plans drawn  
and tell me what the cost will be after  
you have added a fair profit for  
yourself."

The young man had the plans drawn,  
worked out the cost of building the  
house, and added what he called a fair  
profit. Then he went to interview the  
rich man, who said, "Very good.  
Build the house, and let it be ready  
for me when I come back from a trip  
to Europe. I shall return in about  
three months."

The clever young man now began  
to see a way of doing himself a good  
turn, and in the rich man's absence  
he cheapened the cost and greatly  
increased his profit. At last the house  
was finished, and the rich man returned  
from Europe. Ringing up, he inquired  
if the house was finished and asked to  
be shown round. The young man  
arranged to show him round, and  
talked in glowing words of the beauty  
and stability of the house. He was  
glad to find that the rich man seemed  
pleased. "I'll settle up with you  
straight away," said he; "and I may  
as well tell you now that you and your  
wife are to live in it. It is my wedding  
present to my housekeeper."

That was the moment when the  
young man did not feel very clever.

## Buddha To Us All

There is so much warlike speaking in the  
world today, so much roar of war booming  
from the capitals, the frontiers, and even  
from the small, lost places of Europe and  
Asia, that these words of wise counsel  
spoken by a great spiritual leader over  
twenty-four centuries ago (500 years  
before Christ) sound like cool water to  
one parched in a desert.

HE who wishes to attain to the joy  
of living in harmony with the  
universe shall deceive no one, enter-  
tain no hatred for anyone and no wish  
to injure through anger.

He shall have measureless love for  
all creatures, even as a mother has  
for her only child, whom she protects  
with her own life.

Up above, below, and all around  
him he shall extend his love, which is  
without bounds and obstacles, and is  
free from all cruelty and antagonism;  
while standing, sitting, walking, lying  
down till he falls asleep, he shall keep  
his mind active in the exercise of  
universal goodwill.

If one advances confidently in the  
direction of his dreams, and en-  
deavours to live the life which he has  
imagined, he will meet with a success  
unexpected in common hours.

Thoreau

## Wireless to Saturn or Bridge to the Moon?

Panama is calling a conference of American nations in the interests of their mutual welfare in these warring days. Well it knows that there are better things in the world than war, for it remembers the Panama Gang who built the great canal, and when it was over were supposed to sing this song by Berton Braley.

**H**ERE we are, gentlemen; here's the whole gang of us,  
Pretty near through with the job we are on;

Size up our work (it will give you the hang of us)

South to Balboa and north to Colon.  
Yes, the canal is our letter of reference;  
Look at Culebra and glance at Gatun;  
What can we do for you—got any preference,

Wireless to Saturn or bridge to the Moon?

Don't send us back to a life that is flat again,

We who have shattered a continent's spine;

Office work—oh, but we couldn't do that again!

Haven't you something that's more in our line?

Got any river they say isn't crossable?  
Got any mountains that can't be cut through?

We specialise in the wholly impossible,  
Doing things nobody ever could do!

Take a good look at the whole husky crew of us,

Engineers, doctors, and steam-shovel men;

Taken together you'll find quite a few of us

Soon to be ready for trouble again.  
Bronzed by the tropical sun that is blistery,

Chockful of energy, vigour, and tang,  
Trained by a task that's the biggest in history,

Who has a job for this Panama Gang?

## The Perfect Peace There Was in Britain

**T**HERE was such perfect peace in Britain wheresoever the dominion of King Edwin extended that a woman with her new-born babe might walk throughout the island from sea to sea without receiving any harm. That king took such care for the good of his nation that in several places where he had seen clear springs near the highways he caused stakes to be fixed, with brass dishes hanging on them for travellers.

Bede, writing in the Seventh Century

## GOD GIVE YOU A GOOD DAY

A book of the fourteenth century tells this conversation between a Mystic and a Beggar.

**G**OD give you a good day, my friend, said the Mystic.

I thank God I never had a bad day, said the Beggar.

God give you a happy life, said the Mystic.

I thank God I am never unhappy, said the Beggar.

But who are you? asked the Mystic, surprised by his reply.

I am a king, said the Beggar.

But where is your kingdom? said the Mystic.

To whom the Beggar once again answered, *In my own heart.*

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER CARRY ON

**N**ONE of us knows what life will be like in the days that lie before us, for it is a new kind of war that has come upon Europe, threatening us by day and disturbing us by night; never was the world so mad.

**B**UT we must Carry On. We must do our job however hard it is. We are not in as sad a plight as the drummer boy of the last war who was clinging to a tub in the sea and said to a man who asked if he could help, "No, thanks, old cockey." That is the spirit no enemy can defeat, and the C N will try to keep it up. As often as we can we shall try to forget the war. It has been said that C N stands for the Cheerful Newspaper, and although we shall try to forget that we are a newspaper we shall never forget to be cheerful.

**A**LL over the country our people are scattered, millions of them far from home, and the C N will do its best to follow them with good things to read in odd moments, not with news of the war. That comes to us, alas, every day and every hour, and concerning that the C N has only this to say—that the last news will be the best of all, for it will be the final defeat of the terror that has made life so long intolerable. Have no doubt that this foul thing will be driven from the earth.

**I**N the meantime, let us think of other things. Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are

just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, we will think on these things.

**W**E shall carry on as if the world were full of love and beauty and good people—as it is. We shall carry on as if we could sit at our desk quietly by day and sleep calmly by night. We shall look at great pictures as if we could see them in our galleries. We shall dip into books for the comfort and inspiration that they bring. We shall remember the heroes of the past and the things they have done for the world, and seek from them the courage we need for the hour.

**I**t is good for us all to remember that these dark days will pass away and bring us to a sweeter, cleaner, saner world. For those of us who do not fight with mortal powers there are great and noble things that we can lay on the altar of our country. We can be strong and of good courage. We can be patient and enduring. We can learn to give up the things we can do without. We can make ourselves helpful in a hundred ways. We can begin the day a little earlier, rest a little oftener, and be ready for trouble if it comes in the night. We can look after ourselves and not bother other people, and all the time we can refuse to be cast down. The worst never happens and the best is always coming. Let nothing you dismay. A. M.

## The Cobbler and the Saint

This story was told by Hugh Latimer, who was burned at the stake for his faith.

**S**T ANTHONY, being in the wilderness, led there a very hard and strict life, insomuch as none at that time did the like. To whom came a voice from heaven, saying, "Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria."

Anthony, hearing this, rose up forthwith, took his staff, and travelled till he came to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler.

The cobbler was astonished to see so reverend a father come to his house. Then Anthony said unto him, "Come and tell me thy whole conversation and how thou spendest thy time."

"Sir (said the cobbler), as for me, good works have I none, for my life is but simple and slender. I am but a poor cobbler. In the morning when I rise I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, especially for all such neighbours and poor friends as I have. After, I set at my labour, where I spend the whole day in getting my living. And I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as

I do deceitfulness; wherefore when I make any man a promise I keep it and perform it truly. And thus I spend my time poorly, with my wife and children, whom I teach, as far as my wit will serve me, to fear God. And this is the sum of my simple life."

*St Anthony, who lived in a ruin at the top of a hill in a wilderness, was over a hundred years old when he died. But who did more work for the world, we may wonder, the busy cobbler making shoes or the idle saint reflecting on his ruined hill?*

## Fight Something Ere We Die

**C**OME! Let us lay a crazy lance in rest,

And tilt at windmills under a wild sky!

For who would live so petty and unblest

That dare not tilt at something ere he die,

Rather than, screened by safe majority,

Preserve his little life to little ends, And never raise a rebel battle-cry!

John Galsworthy

## Thou, Little Sandpiper and I

**A**CROSS the narrow beach we flit,  
One little sandpiper and I;  
And fast I gather, bit by bit,  
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.

The wild waves reach their hands for it,  
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,

As up and down the beach we flit,  
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds  
Scud black and swift across the sky;  
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds  
Stand out the white lighthouses high.  
Almost as far as eye can reach  
I see close-reefed vessels fly,  
As fast we flit along the beach,  
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,  
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.  
He starts not at my fitful song  
Or flash of fluttering drapery.  
He has no thought of any wrong;  
He scans me with a fearless eye.  
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,  
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be tonight  
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?

My driftwood fire will burn so bright!  
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?  
I do not fear for thee, though wroth  
The tempest rushes through the sky:  
For are we not God's children both,  
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

Celia Thaxter

## ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP

**R**OCKED in the cradle of the deep,  
I lay me down in peace to sleep;  
Secure I rest upon the wave,  
For Thou, O Lord, hast power to save.

I know Thou wilt not slight my call,  
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;  
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine,  
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,  
Or though the tempest's fiery breath  
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death.

In ocean's caves still safe with Thee,  
The germ of immortality;  
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,  
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Emma Willard

## The Last Words of the Last Englishman's Wife

**I** AM afraid that nothing I can say  
will wean the Englishman from his teapot.

I have a vision of the day when  
England shall have at last really  
declined and fallen, and I see her last  
inhabitant and his wife sitting on the  
ruins of the Tower of London viewing  
the remains; but they will view them  
over the edge of a teacup, from which  
the fumes, as of wet straw, will ascend  
to their nostrils, and one may be sure  
that even in that dim day they will  
conduct themselves with decorum.  
The last Englishman's last wife's last  
words will be: "My dear, can I pour  
you another cup?"

From the Atlantic Monthly



# The Great Fact Hitler Has Missed

## HE IS LEADING HIS PEOPLE TO STAGNATION

It is one of the astounding and almost unbelievable facts of our time that Herr Hitler has been able to delude the German people into the belief that their blood is pure, and that the German race is free from all adulteration by mixing with other races.

It is a childish fancy. Yet it is true that the Fuhrer has set the great German people on the road to a future in which they are supposed to keep apart from all mixture with other races.

### Secrets of Progress

If Herr Hitler had a more profound knowledge of the facts of existence he would know that by this very act he is destroying the progress and the future greatness of the German nation.

The Dictator is a clever politician, a shrewd leader of people he has persuaded to follow him like sheep; but he is not an intellectual, not a scholar, and he has not grasped the fundamental fact of the human race in its advance through a thousand centuries. The fundamental fact which he has missed is the fact that a people keeping its life-stream (or blood-stream) to itself becomes stagnant and useless.

Herr Hitler, whose mind is built on shallow lines, sees Germany in the future as a race apart from and above all the rest. He is consumed with a patriotism of the wrong kind, which must lead his nation astray long after he has ceased to lead it.

Patriotism is a great thing. It is one of the many loyalties which prevent us from becoming selfish, and help us to play the game and make a success of team work.

### A Common Heritage

But patriotism can become debased and ignoble—the last refuge of a scoundrel, as has been said. It can also become absurd. We become absurd when we talk conceitedly about the true-born Englishman as a creature different from all others, as owing no debt to any other race or nation under the sun. Long ago Daniel Defoe blew this grotesque patriotism sky-high, but it still persists, and is still worth knocking on the head.

One of our greatest historians, Dr G. P. Gooch, has administered such a knock. He believed in the League of Nations before it came into existence, and believed in it because he has always believed in the Unity of Civilisation. Civilisation, he says, is a collective achievement, a common heritage, a joint responsibility. No one nation has created it, and no one nation can save it from destruction.

He invites us to consider our own position. When we speak of an Englishman we think of three fundamental elements in his life: his blood, his language, his religion. Not one of these things is pure and isolated from the history of mankind. Our language is a mixture of many

tongues. Our religion came to us from Syria, through Greece and Rome. Our blood—whence came this mighty stream of English blood which has fertilised civilisation in so many fields of the world? Do not let us be ashamed, but rather proud to confess that it comes from many races.

From the dawn of life on this planet there has been one great stream of blood flowing down the ages of time, shaping the history of mankind, seeking the ocean of human destiny, changing the whole face of the earth. None of us can trace it back to the great headwaters of humanity, for of origins we know nothing. But so far as we ourselves are concerned we can trace the stream of life back to the northern coast of Africa, and see it flowing seaward by Spain and France, and onward once again to the British Islands. That stream, which we call the Iberian stream, brought human life to these islands of northern Europe, and so began the history of the British people.

### Sources of Our Race

But presently there poured into the stream a new blood, a Celtic stream which came again and again in great flooding waves, till our people were no longer Iberians but Celtic-Iberians, speaking a different language, looking on the world with different eyes, attacking the difficulties of life in a new spirit.

Then there broke into these islands the great Roman tributary, as if the Tiber had overflowed its banks and was roaring up the Thames in one huge tidal wave. For a period of 400 years Rome dominated the life of Britain, and this Roman stream of life did not represent Rome or even Italy, but the whole Roman Empire. Our blood became mixed with the blood of every country in southern and western Europe, and even with the blood of many countries in western Asia and the north coast of Africa. We were no longer Iberians, no longer Celts, no longer a mixture of Celts and Iberians, but a rich and glowing mixture of nearly every nation then known to the world.

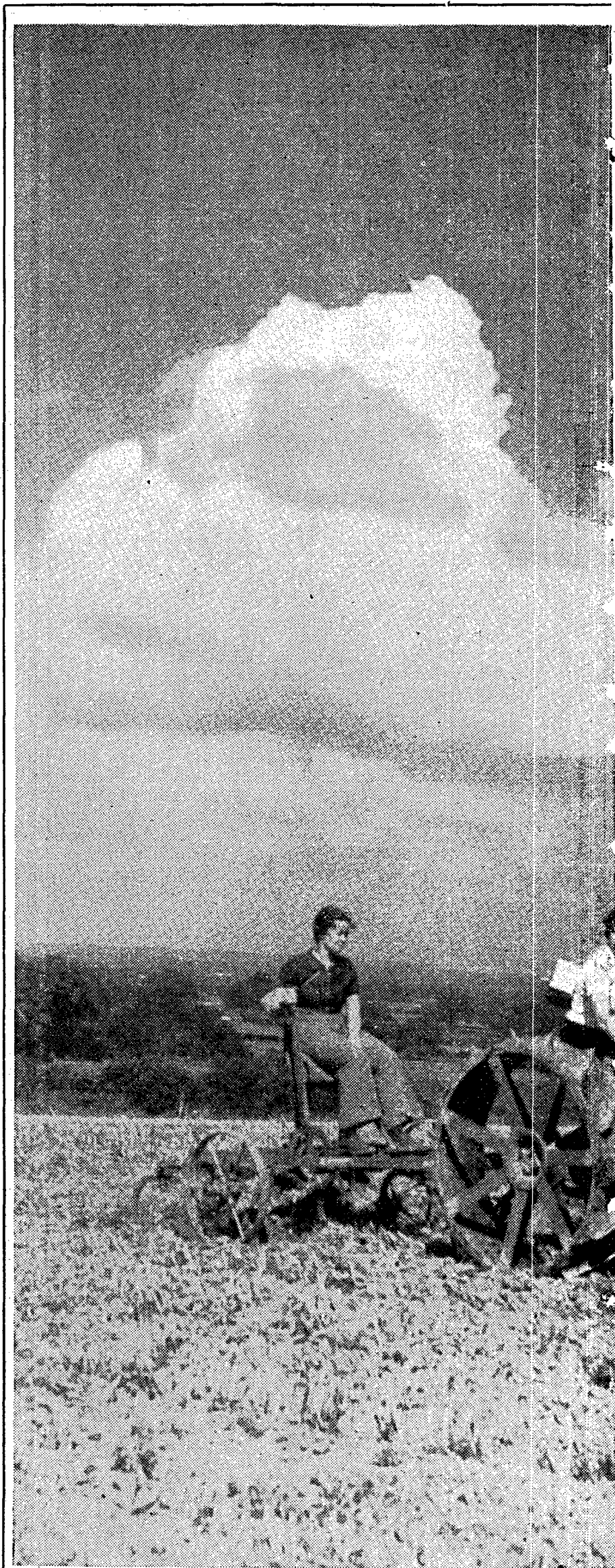
### Saxon, Dane, and Norman

By the time the Roman Empire fell our blood was mixed from top to bottom. Then, as if that were not enough, there came a sudden influx of Anglo-Saxon blood, till the veins of England were so changed that no Iberian could have recognised her as his posterity.

After the Anglo-Saxon tributary came the Danish tributary, and then the Norman tributary; after that the tributary of the Flemings and the Huguenots. Last century we had streams flowing in from almost every cistern in the world, said Dr Gooch; our blood connects us with the wider life of the human family.

It is good for all the nations of the earth to take this wider view of

Continued on page 9



THE NEW PLOUGHME



# Our Life Depends on Ships

**I**N the midst of the war crisis, while the issue of peace and war was still in the balance, the Government took steps to control our merchant shipping.

So the gravest lesson of the Great War which ended 21 years ago has been well learned.

It was not until early in 1917, after that war had been in progress for over two years, that the War Government issued the order that all ships were to be controlled.

We should all clearly understand why the Government issued its control order. There were two reasons: the first, that the nation wants not merely cargoes but the right sort of cargo; the second, that in war every merchant ship has to be protected against attack, and this cannot be done unless the Admiralty is in a position to direct voyages.

In war any nation has to tighten its belt and endure privation. In our case it is more necessary than in any other country to safeguard supplies, because so much of our food and raw materials comes to us in ships. We actually import more than half the food we eat and three-quarters of the raw materials we use in our factories.

The average Briton, as he goes fed and clothed, is sustained mainly by sea-borne food and wears clothes mainly constructed out of sea-borne materials. Whether he wears cotton or woollen cloth, real or artificial silk,

leather or rubber shoes, he owes his clothes to our shipping. Thus with a house; the wood and the metal are mainly from abroad.

So we may rejoice that the British Government in 1939 is wiser than the British Government in 1914. We were nearly brought to disaster in 1917 by reason of that neglect; the decision to control ships and to form convoys was taken only just in time.

But whatever is done by the Government to protect ships and to dictate what goods shall be brought in, Britons in wartime owe it to themselves and the nation to be economical. That economy is enforced by rationing; by issuing cards entitling each citizen to so much and no more of essential articles. Apart from Government action, when all are engaged in a common task of defence it is necessary for everyone, old or young, to help by refraining from extravagance.

When we remember that our life depends on ships our thanks go out to the gallant men of the mercantile marine who bring us our cargoes and to the Royal Navy for skill and courage in protecting our supplies. It is no light task, and now that air attack is added to surface and underwater attack our seamen are faced with dangers that did not exist in 1914. Our task it is to use with care the supplies they bring us.

## News From the Rainbow

**S**INCE Isaac Newton showed how the light of the sun was split into the colours of the rainbow others have been seeking through two centuries the secrets of the rainbow bands of every sort of light.

Everything in Nature can be made to give out light, and an authority on the spectroscope which analyses this light has lately summed up some of the things it can do.

By the light reflected from Mars it tells us whether life is likely to be there. It can tell what is in the tail of a comet, and how hot the sun is. Coming down to earth it has a

score of homely employments. It can tell how much carbon dioxide there is in a greenhouse. It can examine the clothes of a burglar for evidence of where he has been. It is so sensitive that it can tell how much lead from the paint has escaped into a newly-painted room in the night.

It affords proof of illness caused by lead poisoning; and it is the last court of appeal in the detection of the presence of lead or tin or arsenic in tinned foods.

And all this has sprung from the rainbow band examined by Sir Isaac Newton before the days of Queen Anne.

## The Great Fact Hitler Has Missed

Continued from page 8

their place in the tremendous drama of human evolution. A man, we are told, is as old as his arteries; and certainly no disease is more fatal to action and achievement than a hardening or a thickening of the arteries through which each man's blood flows to his vital organs. It is the same with nations. If you would look at stagnation and futility visit peoples who for centuries have kept their life-stream to themselves, and who hug themselves in the stupid thought that their blood is pure. And if you would see vigour and health and great achievement visit countries like the United States of America and a Dominion like Canada, where the life-stream is for ever being well mixed,

and where the main arteries of existence are supple and elastic.

Evolution cares little for the local patriotism of any nation. It is pouring through the ages a great tide of human blood in order to achieve a civilisation worthy of the millions of years in which it has laboured to overcome the brute and to fortify the soul of man with spiritual qualities. No one nation can ever fulfil the passion of immemorial evolution for spiritual perfection. It is a tremendous thing that evolution is seeking, and only those nations can help it who recognise that they are parts of one stupendous whole, and that God is seeking to exalt not one nation alone but the whole of mankind into His own likeness.



**N OF OLD ENGLAND**



## The Dragonfly is Darting Over the Pond

THESE are the days to watch for dragonflies, the marvellous things that fly over the ponds in the dazzling sunlight.

Millions of years ago, when the great beds of coal were formed from the debris of the carboniferous forests, there lived a huge dragonfly, with an expanse of wing over two feet.

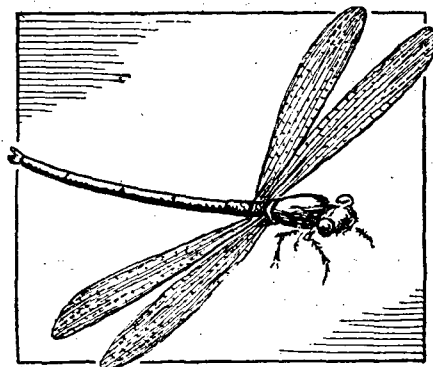
As far as size goes, there is now no living dragonfly approaching that carboniferous giant, but the hundreds of kinds that we have are in many ways finer. Indeed, as we watch them hawking for insects over the pond, or skimming up and down the stream, masterful in their movements and brilliant in their colourings, we feel that they are aristocrats among insects.

In their shape and in their poise dragonflies often suggest aeroplanes; but the wings of the dragonfly strike the air, while the wings of an aeroplane do not. Mr R. J. Tillyard, who wrote an admirable book on dragonflies, measured the velocity of a particular dragonfly's flight, and found that it was nearly sixty miles an hour. As they fly they keep a sharp look-out for insects, which they capture on the wing, and their range of vision is greater than that of any other insect. There are between 10,000 and 28,000 lenses in their compound eyes, and it is worth while catching a dragonfly and putting it in a box with a glass lid for a minute, so as to get a leisurely look at these truly magnificent organs.

Dragonflies have no sting of any kind, and are altogether on man's side, for they help to keep down the hordes of flies and mosquitoes, and other injurious insects. They themselves are preyed upon by kingfishers (almost alone among birds in being able to catch dragonflies), by lizards and snakes, by trout and spiders, and they sometimes turn on one another. But in the main they hold their own well, and we have reason to be glad that they do, for without insect-eaters

like dragonflies the earth would soon be uninhabitable.

When we see the large blue and green and yellow dragonflies hawking on the moor we have to remember that this is only one chapter in their life. For a year, or for five years, they live as larvae in the water. They are hatched from eggs dropped by the mother insect skimming over the surface of stream or pond or swamp, or from eggs she carefully deposited in



holes cut in submerged parts of reeds, irises, waterlilies, willows, and the like. The larvae greedily devour all sorts of small water animals, including their own kith and kin. They have to moult their husk from eleven to fifteen times, and the result of the last moult is the liberation of the fully formed dragonfly into which the larva has been slowly changing. Of this transition from water to air Tennyson gave a beautiful description in *The Two Voices*.

One of the strangest features of the juvenile free-swimming stage of the dragonfly is the mask, so called because it covers the mouth and at least part of the face. It consists of a formidable pair of pincers with grappling-hooks, borne on the end of a hollow jointed stalk. It is shot out when occasion requires with lightning-like rapidity, and the hooks fix themselves in the body of the victim, which is afterwards drawn close to the mouth within the mask and devoured.

## Guiding the Young Salmon to the Sea

MOTOR lorries to lift salmon coming in from the Pacific past the Cootenay Falls of North America's biggest salmon river were recently noted in the C.N.

Not to be outdone in the care of one of the biggest industries of the coast, the salmon cannery of the Yakima River have taken steps to guide the young salmon as they come down to the ocean in the way they should go.

As they near the mouth of the river the inexperienced young salmon encounter the big Wapata Ditch, from which flow many irrigation channels. Young salmon who have never been as far before, and many old enough to know better, float into what Shakespeare would have called these "forsaken guts and creeks," and never reach the tides of the sea.

In order to prevent them ten huge cylindrical revolving screens have been installed across and along the Wapata Ditch, to thrust by stream action the salmon into the right sea road. Any salmon not taking the hint will find itself swimming against the current. That is the action of

their elders who enter the river to go upstream whatever the obstacles, but it is not the way of the young. They follow naturally the path of least resistance.

Now that salmon, in the tin, finds a welcome in half the countries of the world, the salmon in every stage from youth to age is most tenderly cared for by the cannery. It is the poor man's cheap luxury, and in our experience it is preferred by him to the untreated fish.

## Egg-Shaped Buildings

The egg-shaped cinema which is being built in Manchester is not the first building of its kind, as we stated recently.

A reader tells us that the Congregational Church at Wellingborough is egg-shaped, and was built about 55 years ago. The story is told that a junior member of a firm of architects gained his inspiration for the design from a dream, and that the success of the building led to his promotion to a partnership in the firm.

## NEWS DICTIONARY

**A.F.S.** The Auxiliary Fire Service, an organisation of volunteers who are prepared to give whole-time or part-time service in fighting fires caused by air raids.

**Conscript.** We have heard much of the word Conscript as describing soldiers serving under compulsion, but nations at war are compelled to conscript many things. It is agreed that, both in peace and in war, wealth should pay its duty to the State; hence the system of taxation to secure what a man is able to pay and ought to pay to support the State. The Treasury has issued an order stopping the sale of British overseas investments, and all persons holding such investments have to make a return to the Government giving a list of them. The plan is that if necessary the Government will conscript (or take possession of) such investments and give the investor British Government stock in exchange.

**Démarche.** It is a French word meaning "movement aside." When a Government changes its foreign policy toward another country with which it has been in a state of strained relations it is said in diplomatic language to be making a démarche. (Pronounced day-marsh.)

**Dover Patrol.** In the Great War few British forces made so permanent a mark in its records as the Dover Patrol, which has memorials to its heroic band at St Margaret's Bay near Dover, at Cape Blanc Nez in France, and at the entrance to New York Harbour. The patrol was the section of our Navy which was based on Dover and Dunkirk, and was finally commanded by Sir Roger Keyes. Its duties were to support the west flank of the army in Flanders, to keep the narrow strait free from mines and enemy submarines, and to harry any bigger vessels that might venture forth from their lairs in Belgium. The supreme exploit of the patrol was the attack on Ostend Harbour and Zeebrugge on the night of April 23, 1918.

**Evacuee.** Evacuees (a new word for most of us) are refugees, civilians who leave their homes to avoid danger in wartime. It is a novel experience for British people to be refugees; and, because we have grown accustomed to thinking of refugees as foreigners, the word evacuees is being used to describe the women, children, and others who were evacuated from cities.

**Liaison Officer.** The importance of what are known as liaison officers when two or more nations have joined forces has been shown by the King. He has appointed his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, Chief Liaison Officer of the British Field Force. Liaison is French for a joining or connection, and the liaison officer attached to any military force is detailed to be the means of communication and intelligence between his unit and any other. He must keep each acquainted with the requirements and objectives of the other, and report any facts which come before him and which might help to increase the common efficiency.

**London Naval Treaty.** The war against Germany has compelled this country to suspend indefinitely the

undertakings she freely made under the London Naval Treaty of 1936, a Treaty concluded between the Governments of the British Commonwealth and America and France, and later adhered to by Italy and included in agreements with Russia and Poland. The Treaty limited the sizes and armaments of navies, and contained a clause whereby every State that signed it gave four months notice to the rest of any addition they proposed to make to their naval forces. A clause in this Treaty allows any party to it to suspend its obligations in wartime, so our Government has duly, and we are sure regretfully, advised the other parties to the Treaty of the course it has adopted.

**Ministry of Information.** In time of war there are few more harmful things to the morale of any people than rumour, for, as Shakespeare wrote:

*Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,  
The numbers of the feared.*

In order that we should have accurate information, both as to our duties at home and about what is happening on the field of battle, the Government has set up a Ministry of Information with Lord Macmillan as its head. This Ministry will not only issue for publication public statements supplied to it from the various Government Departments, but will advise the editors of our newspapers and other publications what it is not in the national interest to describe or illustrate in these days of war. By this means we shall be secure from the printing of those false rumours which are spread by foolish people, creating fear at a time when none should be afraid.

**Shofar.** This is a trumpet, frequently mentioned in the Bible, which is still used in synagogues. It is the horn of a ram or any clean animal. One occasion on which it is used is to mark the end of the fast on the Jewish Day of Atonement (September 22), but the sounding of it has been cancelled owing to the war. The Kol Nidrei, the most solemn service in the Jewish calendar, has itself been cancelled, a fact believed to be without precedent in this country.

**Siegfried Line.** It is the name given to Germany's line of western defences, named after the famous hero of one of the old Teutonic legends. He was a young warrior of great strength and courage, and his story is told in Wagner's opera *Siegfried*, though there are various versions of the legend. Part of the German system of trenches and fortifications in France during the Great War was called the Siegfried Line. (Pronounced Seeg-freed.)

**W.A.A.F.** These initials stand for Women's Auxiliary Air Force. Its members perform various clerical duties for the R.A.F. and also act as telephonists, motor drivers, cooks, and perform numerous other tasks which release men for more strenuous duties. During the Great War a similar organisation was known as the Women's Royal Air Force (W.R.A.F.). The W.A.T.S. (Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service) perform similar duties for the Army.



# JAN SMUTS OF THE EMPIRE AND THE WORLD

THE triumphant rise of General Smuts to the Premiership of South Africa has been one of the thrilling events of the early days of the war, and it brings into the forefront of the world's affairs one more dramatic figure from the last Great War.

It is a remarkable life-story, that of this famous South African citizen of the world.

The new Prime Minister of South Africa ran about on an African farm till he was twelve, looking after his father's stock. During those years he had very little schooling, but was known as a boy of exceptional quickness, and when he went regularly to school he became a prizewinner and passed on into Stellenbosch University. As his parents were Cape Dutch he was eligible to compete for a bursary at Cambridge offered by Cecil Rhodes, who was then prominent in South African life, and his winning of the bursary was the prelude to a brilliant career at Cambridge. Every honour open to him was carried off.

## To the Transvaal

He returned to South Africa to practise at the bar in Capetown, but, as has so often been the case, success in the practice of law came slowly, and Capetown did not provide him with a living.

The Transvaal at that time was the centre of interest in South Africa, owing to the unrest caused by its industrial development on the Rand clashing with the pastoral life of the Boers of Dutch descent. The business world was intruding on the satisfied seclusion of the Boer farmers, and they resented the claims of strangers to equal citizen rights in a land which they regarded as theirs. World-forces were now coming into play in the Transvaal, and there went Jan Smuts, who knew from birth the feeling of men of his own race, and from education knew the outlook of the world beyond the limits of the veld.

## His Hate of War

Paul Kruger, the knowing old President of the Transvaal Republic, felt the advantage of having at his side an extremely clever young South African learned in all the law of the British, and so, in 1898, Jan Smuts became Attorney-General of the Republic—a steepish ascent for the boy from the farm to have made by the time he was 28. Quite naturally his sympathies were with his own people, but he knew that if war came as the end of the disputes the Boer farmers, however brave and efficient, could not withstand the might of the British Empire. He also thought a settlement might be arranged, and he sought to bring it about. Himself a student of law, literature, and Nature, he hated the idea of war.

There had been nearly four years of negotiations between the day when volunteers of the British South Africa Company's men attempted to raid the Transvaal and the day when the

Boers deliberately invaded Natal and the Cape Province under a declaration of war. During that period Mr Smuts and Lord Milner met in conference, and the South African told the Englishman he should do his duty if it came to war, and he saw very clearly what that duty was.

His duty meant to him that he, the Cambridge student, went out with his countrymen on commando as a private trooper, and it led him at the end of the war to being General commanding all the Boer forces in the Cape Province, having proved himself a master of daring and brilliant strategy.

The great difficulty throughout the turmoil in South Africa was the contrast in aims between the farming population of Dutch descent and the British and other white people not permanently resident there.

The broader-minded men of Dutch or French descent saw clearly the natural difficulty and the need for patient working together. Men like Joubert and Botha, who were the Boer leaders in the field when war broke out, had been opposed to the unrelenting policy of Kruger. They favoured a spirit of conciliation and mutual forbearance, but they represented a minority. When, after a prolonged struggle, the Boers were overwhelmed by superior strength, there came a time when blind resistance was out of date, and it was then that General Botha (Commander-in-Chief) and General Smuts provided the true wisdom that had been lacking.

## The Men For the Hour

It was a time when statesmanship was needed, and to its lasting honour South Africa produced the men for the hour, men fit to hold serious counsel with any men whom the world could send to confer with them. And, in the first instance, the right man from the outer world happened to be on the spot at the time.

He was Lord Kitchener. He saw the value of what had to be preserved in the dour Boer character, and sympathised with their racial love of liberty. He talked with them with the utmost plainness, and pictured what might be—a united South Africa with free self-government within the Empire. They believed in the soldier with whom they had fought, and who finished his talk with a shake of the hand and "Well, now we are good friends."

It all came to pass through Kitchener and a new British Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, on the one side, and on the other the great-hearted, broad-minded Boer farmer Louis Botha, of whom it was said at his graveside that "his was the largest, most beautiful, and sweetest soul of all my land and days," and the man who said this of him was his dearest friend, Jan Smuts. These men built afresh a political South Africa, in which all could live together in equality and peace and govern

themselves without help from anyone. But the real architect and artificer of it all was Smuts.

In the first British Ministry formed in the Transvaal by Botha, Smuts was State Secretary; and after the Union of South Africa was established Botha became its first Prime Minister and Smuts served as Minister of Defence, the constant adviser of his chief. It was not all plain sailing; far from it. The problem of equal consideration for the Dutch and the British elements in the State was ever present; it needed all the force of Botha's transparently manly character, and all the intellectual resource of Smuts to cement the Union.

## Architect of the Union

The final test came when the European War broke out. What would the South Africa Union do? The Union had been formed as a State within the Empire. Other parts of the Empire proffered willing aid, and Botha suggested that South Africa should do its share by undertaking its own defence. A suggestion that the invasion of German South-West Africa might also be undertaken was assented to by the Union Government. Then the strain was felt. Lukewarm burghers asked what they had to do with the matter; and some of the old irreconcilables, though they had taken an oath of loyalty, saw this time of stress for the British Empire as an opportunity for breaking away.

At once Botha and Smuts took their stand as honouring the bond they had negotiated. "I will not betray my trust," said Botha. "If they refuse to come in I will move out against them with the commandos that I know will stand by me." Conciliation as well as conquest was used. Reason and right were appealed to as well as the sword, and peace was established.

## A Marvellous Conquest

Then, in 1915, followed the conquest of German South-West Africa. There were hundreds of miles of arid country and absolute desert to cross. The wells had been poisoned by the retiring enemy, and pioneers had to go ahead and dig fresh wells for a force of 3500 men, 400 horses, and 12,000 oxen. It was done with complete success. And this is what a British officer attached to the force says of it:

How the General kept in touch with all his columns is a perfect marvel. When one thought no one could possibly know where we were, miles from any telegraph line, a motor despatch rider would appear out of the dead of night with clear instructions from Smuts to move to some point the next day; and there we would find a complete scheme worked out to a fine point, and perhaps a dozen forces perfectly coordinated.

No wonder that when the conquest of South-West Africa was completed, Smuts was transferred to German East Africa to command the operations there.



By this time the calibre of the man was fully understood. The Empire was looking for helpers in every department of human energy, wisdom, and experience. It called Jan Smuts to London to serve on its War Council, and quickly found that no more sagacious head could have been summoned. Soon he became a minister of all work. Did the air defence of London need strengthening? Was there any difficulty with the Allies? Were delicate negotiations to be opened with an enemy? Smuts was the instrument chosen over and over again. Soldiers and statesmen alike respected his judgment, and with it all he had moral elevation, a breadth of view, a nobility of outlook that went to the hearts of men. Cambridge recalled him to her to confer on him her most distinguished gift. "I have fought all my life (he told her) for that most divine of gifts, Liberty."

## A Leader of Mankind

He became at a bound one of the few men to whom everyone looked for wisdom, a spokesman to and for the world. When Italy received a staggering blow he hastened to the Italian front, interpreted the position, and quickly and unerringly forecasted the issue. Wherever he spoke he kindled afresh the idealism with which he had entered the war. When peace came he and his friend Botha were two of the most universally trusted of the men who were called to Paris; and could many of his views have been carried out there would have been a better Peace. "You know," he said once, "God is writing a treaty very different from this."

He was one of the real inspirers of the League of Nations, and drew up the first draft of its constitution. Could his ideas have been carried out the League would doubtless have succeeded and war would have been abolished.

On the death of Louis Botha he became Prime Minister of South Africa for five years. In and out of office he has been faithfully supporting the broad view of public questions which great statesmanship demands, but the parochial mind so seldom achieves. But he has been built for greater things than those which normally emerge from South African politics; he is one of the few men fitted to appeal to the imagination and conscience of civilised mankind.



## TO RISE AT FIVE AND DINE AT NINE

### As in Norman England

In times of crisis and emergency we drop back into habits which, although we may be unconscious of the fact, were the regular routine of our ancestors.

With the early threat of trouble the great London markets announced that their business hours would be changed from a practically all-night timetable to six in the morning until an hour after midday, so avoiding the necessity to use lights.

The possibility of trouble must always mean the compressing into daylight hours of much that would normally be left until later in the day or evening. Our usual hours would have astonished our forefathers. We declare that early to bed, early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise. But what is early?

The England of Magna Carta, which had few candles or lamps, no paraffin, and of course no gas, set out its conception of proper hours in unmistakable terms:

To rise at five, to dine at nine,  
To sup at five, to bed at nine,  
Makes a man live to ninety-and-nine.

So ran the rhyme by which Norman England ordered its day.

Each great household had a sort of curfew of its own. Servants and young people were instructed by the mistress of the house that the torch that lighted them to bed must be extinguished by the mouth or the hand, not by the garments; which meant that the person concerned was to blow out the light before getting into bed, not throw his garments at it after having reached his couch.

### A Second Kenya

A vast plateau in the interior of New Guinea which could be made into a second Kenya has been discovered by a patrol which arrived back in Rabaul not long ago.

The patrol had been away for 18 months and had covered the unexplored territory between Mount Hagen and the border of Dutch New Guinea, over 20,000 square miles having been examined.

When a road is built from the coast to the newly-discovered highlands thousands of European settlers may go there, for the climate is healthy and the soil of good quality.

### The Leaf of the Larch

One of our loveliest greens in spring is that of the larch, which also goes gold in autumn. In summer its green is an extra pure green. It comes from the mountains of Switzerland and hates to be coddled, likes a steep airy slope, but prefers good soil. It is considered one of our best, if not the best timber tree.



The wood is tough and lasts well outdoors. It is most useful for fence-posts, railway sleepers, mining timbers, and building. The leaves are little flattened needles. Among them nestle in spring the most beautiful pinky little cones. It is a good tree for planting on the ugly grey dumps round mines.

## The Lives of Two Ordinary Men

With the war drums ready to throb a C N friend in Hungary sat down to tell us of two ordinary humble lives that had come into her ken, and we take the stories from her letter.

**H**UMAN nature is a contrary thing, as everyone knows. Two tiny fragments from life's great jig-saw puzzle, placed side by side, show how widely the hopes and aspirations of men may differ.

The first fragment is rather a sad one. It shows a young Hungarian peasant desperately trying to raise himself out of the station into which he was born into a world more in harmony with his superior tastes and talents.

Kalman Mandoky is the son of a labourer and was born 21 years ago on a farm so remote from the nearest school that he could attend none; yet he learned to read and write from a friendly farm-hand during leisure moments in the cowshed.

His parents moved nearer town and he was able to have some schooling, but not much, for he was soon forced to earn his own living. He became a labourer like his father, employed on road-making and mending, and to this day spends his days breaking and carting stones. A body-racking and mind-destroying labour; but Kalman's soul refused to be destroyed.

In his few leisure hours he has taught himself to love the poets and to play on the violin songs of his own composition, which have already become common property in his little world. He has also taught himself shorthand and typewriting, in the hope of some day being able to rise to a clerkship. But there can be no question of this without a much more systematic education than he has time or the funds for at present.

### A Man Held Captive by the Bees

**T**HIS is the month when the wasps begin to make their presence most sharply felt; but the British wasp is a gentleman compared with the Sudan bee, of which Major E. W. Titherington has just written a report.

In the Sudan they have a saying "Nothing will attack you unprovoked except buffaloes and bees." So at this time of year, before the rainy season, the Sudan bees, infuriated by the drought, will descend like a hailstorm from the skies to attack human beings.

Major Titherington tells how while on trek he came on a man sitting

"I shouldn't mind going hungry all my days," he has been heard to say, "if only I could manage to matriculate and become a member of the educated classes."

At present he belongs to no class at all, for his own people have cast him off because of his queer bookish tastes, while to the world towards which he aspires he is still only a simple labourer.

The other bit of the puzzle is much more cheerful.

Young William Udvarhelyi is a graduate of the University of Budapest, and he has just triumphantly passed, after a twelve-months apprenticeship, his mason's examination. He is now a full-fledged mason's assistant, and radiantly happy about it.

When he applied to the Masons Corporation to be taken on as an apprentice, and it transpired that he had two university degrees to his name, he was met with an incredulous stare. But he explained modestly that there were too many academically-trained men waiting for jobs. He would rather work with his hands than not at all.

"I mean to be a good mason," he said; "and I am convinced that is as good an ambition as another."

In the twelve months that have passed William Udvarhelyi has gone a long way towards realising his ambition. He has been a diligent apprentice, and his intelligence and willingness and his quiet and cheerful ways have earned for him the regard of his masters and the liking of his fellows. Exulting in the fitness which comes with sane and balanced physical labour, he is happy and contented in a world where happiness and contentment have come to be rare and precious things. And perhaps (who knows?) he may have opened a door through which others of his kind may be glad to follow him.

## THE FINGER-PRINT OF EVERYONE

### A Wise Precaution

The Federal Investigation Bureau in the United States has over 6,000,000 finger-prints in its files.

If anyone sends to the bureau the finger-prints of any person whose finger-prints are already on file there the bureau officials will find their copy in a few minutes.

Today in America there is a new movement afoot which has been called Protective Finger-printing, to be employed by business firms, lawyers, and city authorities for preventing crime.

The idea is that no criminal can permanently flourish once his identity is established. Wills, for instance, would have to carry the finger-prints of those who made them, thus making forged wills practically impossible.

If crooks with criminal records should found shady enterprises under assumed names their identity would be discovered the moment they were asked to put their finger-prints on charters, licences, or other official documents, and to furnish additional copies of their finger-prints to authorities who would send such copies to the Bureau, where any past criminal activities would at once be exposed.

People would find it difficult to make fraudulent use of passports. It would be impossible for bank robbers, extortionists, or tax dodgers to secure deposit boxes in various banks under false names. Aliens would find it most difficult to enter countries illegally. Criminals could not sit on the jury or act as false witnesses, and many other advantages would be gained.

It would be a good day for the world if every citizen could have his finger-print on record.

## Bird, Beast, and Car

Australia is the home of queer animals and interesting birds, and they are continually doing unusual things.

In some country districts where settlement is sparse there are still many emus to be found. These queer birds stand about four feet high, and although they have feathers they cannot fly. An Australian Light Horseman always wears a little plume of emu feathers in his hat, and by that symbol he is known all over the world. On each foot an emu has three long, sharp toes, and when he runs he attains a speed of about thirty miles an hour.

Recently a farmer returning along a lonely country road from a visit to the nearest town was surprised when an emu ran out from the bush beside the road and paced along in front of his car. The faster he went the faster travelled the emu. This continued for about a mile, when suddenly out popped a dingo in front of the emu.

So this strange race continued until there came a detour in the road, and the dingo ran off into the bush with the emu following behind. Had the road continued straight on the emu, at least, would have continued ahead, never looking to right or left.

## The Old Men and Their Clubs

**S**OME weeks ago the C N printed an article on the Veterans Club at Dartford.

Compared with the Veterans Club at Hyde, Cheshire, the Dartford Club is a baby, however. Hyde's Old Men's Club was started ten years ago and has now a membership of hundreds, with a splendid building. All members are over 60, and they run the club themselves. There are pleasant rooms for a chat, a room for wireless, and an ingle-nook for resting. On Sundays there is a little service. The members

pay what they can afford, which means that a poor old man in lodgings, perhaps with nothing but his old age pension to live on, need not pay anything.

This Veterans Club was started at the same time as the Lads Club founded by the Chief Constable of Hyde.

We gather that there are Veterans Clubs in many Lancashire towns, and we have heard of them from Ashton-under-Lyne, Oldham, Bury, Bacup, and Stockport.



## WHY JUPITER IS SO NEAR US

### The Unsolved Mystery of His Surface

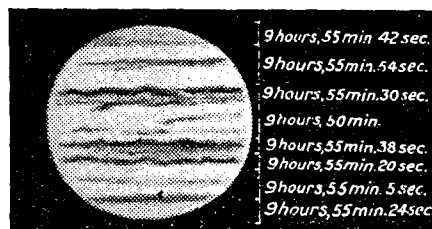
By the C.N. Astronomer

Jupiter will be at his nearest to us on Wednesday next, September 27, when he will be 367,110,000 miles away. He is therefore now at his brightest, but the Moon's radiance will have some effect.

Not for 24 years has Jupiter appeared so large or come so close to us, for, though he reaches *perihelion*, or his nearest point to the Sun, every 12 years, he has come nearer to the Earth by 470,000 miles than he did 12 years ago. This is chiefly because our world is now farther from the Sun, and therefore nearer to Jupiter.

As he weighs 317 times more than our Earth, the nearer he comes to our world the more he will affect it, but how far, if at all, remains to be seen.

Gazing up at Jupiter we may wonder what kind of a world it can be, with its



Jupiter, showing zones of different rotation and the average of the times taken

enormous area of surface about 37 times greater than our world possesses. What a grand world it might be if it were proportionately as verdant and beautiful as ours! The evidence appears to be all against such an inference. Seen from Jupiter the Sun appears only one-fifth as wide as when we see it, so that the amount of heat and light poured upon his surface-blanket of clouds is about a twenty-fifth of what we receive.

Under those clouds his surface is wrapt in mystery, yet much may be inferred from what is known. It would appear to be a weird waste over which terrific storms whirl and rage, more particularly in the tropical and equatorial zones; but whether these are tornadoes of hot, steaming vapours down below Jupiter's frigid cloud-surface or whether they are icy blizzards has not been conclusively proved.

At one time the evidence was considered to point to a partially molten surface far below a dense cloud-laden atmosphere through which very little of the meagre sunlight could penetrate.

#### Flattened at the Poles

Everything tended to confirm this view—the violent atmospheric commotions, cyclonic tornadoes tearing through Jupiter's cloud belts and sometimes suggesting solar cyclones or sun-spots on a smaller scale. There was, too, the great flattening of Jupiter's sphere toward his poles, which causes his polar diameter to be only 82,800 miles as compared with his Equatorial diameter of 88,700 miles.

Then, again, Jupiter's very rapid rotation of a little under ten hours, and ranging from 9 hours 50 minutes for his equatorial regions to nearly 9 hours 56 minutes in higher latitudes (as shown in the picture), together with the varying speed of the mysterious Great Red Spot, which is nearly four times the width of the Earth, all strengthened the belief that Jupiter was in a hot, semi-molten condition far below the cold upper-surfaces of his clouds. For this was to be expected on a world which was scientifically inferred to be in an earlier stage of planetary evolution than our own.

Now, strange to say, a totally different conception has gained acceptance by many astronomers, including the Astronomer Royal. It is that Jupiter is largely a world of ice. Consideration of this is reserved for next week.

G. F. M.

## Brothers of the Australian Bush

During the Great War Arthur Brain served in the Camel Corps, and afterwards settled in a wheat area in the Mallee, Australia.

This year good rains assured a bumper crop, but while his neighbours were thrilled at the prospect he lay in hospital, helpless with rheumatoid arthritis.

A few weeks later, however, he sat in a wheel chair with the youngest of his four children on his knee and watched seventy men plough 200 acres of his neglected land.

Organised by two neighbours who could not bear to see him lose his farm, the Working Bee started at seven in the morning. Fifteen tractors were assembled on the farm, and the workers did not even stop the tractors to change teams. Relieving hands ran after them and jumped aboard to take the next shift, while the others were given refreshments provided by their wives. By seven at night the whole area was ploughed, ready to be sown.

Among the workers were two pioneers, one 70 and the other 84.

That evening Mr Brain could look not only at the large area of freshly-ploughed land but at a fine crop of wheat and oats in an adjoining paddock which had been sown for him by the same helpers.

After being disabled for two years, his prospect for the next season is assured by this splendid work by his comrades. But they refused to be thanked. "Goodbye, Arthur," they said cheerily; "see you behind a plough of your own next season." We hope they do.

### Competition Result

In C.N. Competition Number 87 the two best entries were sent in by Aileen Gray, 18 Craibstone Avenue, Stoneywood, by Aberdeen; and Joan Patterson, 149 Maybank Avenue, Sudbury, Wembley, Middlesex. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The 25 prizes of half-a-crown were awarded to the following:

Ann Anderson, Colerne; Madeline Bailey, Croydon; Michael Baron, Nelson; Pamela Bennion, Canterbury; David Broomfield, Eastleigh, Hants; James Davies, Oswestry; Josephine Davis, Ely; R. G. Hardwick, Headcorn; Kenneth Henderson, Neston; Kathleen Holding, Newcastle, Staffs; Pat James, Narborough; April Johnson, Oxford; Olive Lothian, West Lothian; Jill Mackintosh, London, N.W.5; Georgie Morris, Tring; Joy Newell, New Malden; Rosina Parker, Hove; Eileen Radford, Beckenham; Thelma Rooksby, Kingsbury; Jean Scally, Buckhurst Hill; Rosemary Shorter, Bedford; Ian Simpson, Barrow-in-Furness; Rosemary Trinnell, Chelmsford; Sylvia Wilson, Hornchurch; Dorothy Wood, Belfast.

The prizewinners whose names are marked with an asterisk obtained a new reader and are awarded half-a-crown in addition to the prize.

### 25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of September 1914

**How Can I Help England?** Hardly any one of us realises it, but we are at this moment under a mild form of martial law. The military authorities, and not the police, are in reality governing the United Kingdom now. In other lands martial law is declared in flaming proclamations, breathing threats of death penalties; here the requirements of the situation are soberly announced by a paper posted on the doors of churches and in post office windows. We all obey it instinctively.

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## Complete in Three Parts

## TURK TAKES A HAND

## CHAPTER 3

## The Man Called Tallon

DICK DURRANT stepped out of the boat on to the ledge beside the little rock harbour of Burnt Island.

"There won't be any hermit to jump us this time," he remarked.

"Her'd have a job to jump me, I reckon," said the man at the oars. He was George Denby, one of the best of the Broadmead fishermen. He was almost as wide as he was tall, and was famed for his immense strength. When Turk Brydon had asked Mr Peterson if he and Dick could pay a second visit to Burnt Island permission had been given only on condition that George Denby went with them.

"What do you think you're going to find, Turk?" Dick asked. "If there was anything in the cave the police would have had it."

Turk shrugged. "I don't know that we shall find anything, but I want to see the cave the hermit lived in."

"Just an excuse for an afternoon out," grinned Dick. "All right. Are you coming up, George?"

"Baint no need for me to climb they great rocks," said Denby gravely. "Reckon us'll sit in the boat and take a rest."

So the two boys went up the steep path alone. It was a lovely afternoon, and as they climbed they got a grand view of the sea and of the rocky coast. On the northern horizon lay the purple torsi of Broadstone Moor. Soon they reached the cave where they had spent unpleasant hours, tied hand and foot, but they wasted no time there. They cleared the tunnel leading to the hermit's quarters and came into a small rock chamber with a second entrance facing the sea.

"Not so dusty," said Dick, looking round at the rough furniture contrived by the hermit out of packing-cases and driftwood. There was an oil stove, and the bed was sacking stuffed with dry grass, which must have taken a long time to gather. Turk stood examining everything with his keen eyes. Then he began to prowl round, poking into all the corners.

"The police have done that, old chap," said Dick with a laugh. "You can be jolly sure that if there was any treasure here they've found it."

"I'm not looking for treasure," Turk answered, and went on with his search. Dick sat on the mattress and watched him. Dick was fond of chaffing Turk, but all the same he had a great respect for Turk's brains.

Turk examined everything, even the stove and the pots and the kettle. Dick got bored; he took two sticks of chocolate from his pocket and offered one to Turk.

"Thanks, but I'm too busy," said Turk. "What about that mattress?"

Dick got up and Turk dragged the mattress into the light. He took out a knife, cut some of the stitches, and pulled out the dried grass.

"That wouldn't be a bad place to hide banknotes," Dick observed, "but I expect the police have looked already."

"They didn't find this," said Turk, and held up a little black notebook—the sort you buy for a penny at Woolworths. Dick stepped forward.

"Anything in it?" he asked eagerly.

Turk turned the pages. There was a puzzled frown on his sun-tanned face.

"A lot," he answered, "but nothing that means anything, so far as I can see." He handed the book to Dick, who studied it for a minute then looked up at Turk. "Sheer gibberish," he remarked.

"I'm not so sure," said Turk. "I think it's some sort of cypher."

"Cypher," Dick repeated. "It might be, but who in the world is going to find out what it means?"

"Dad might," said Turk. "He's a nailer at this sort of thing. We'll take it back to Peter and ask him if I may send it home."

They hurried down the steep path, and as they reached the cove were surprised to see a second boat come in. The boat was a dinghy driven by an outboard motor. There was only one man in it, a middle-sized man powerfully built and dressed in very ordinary grey flannels. But he himself was by no means ordinary, for he had the hardest face the boys had ever seen. His pale blue eyes were like two marbles, and his lips so thin they made his mouth look like that of a fish.

If they were surprised so was the stranger, and for a moment there was a queer glare

By Christopher Beck

in his pale eyes. That passed and he smiled as he came ashore.

"I was surprised to see strangers on this lonely islet," he said, "but I think you must be the boys who met poor Fred Caledon here three days ago."

"Caledon—was that the hermit's name?" Turk asked sharply.

"That is his name. He is my cousin. The poor fellow has been suffering as the result of a motor accident. He recovered, or seemed to recover, but then disappeared. The first we heard of his being on Burnt Island was the story I read in yesterday's paper. So I came at once to see what I could do."

George Denby looked up. "Don't reckon you can do a thing, mister. The police have been here, but the chap's left and they baint able to find un."

"You have been up to the cave?" asked the stranger, looking at Turk.

"We've been there, but there's not a sign of him," Turk answered.

"Were there any papers or letters?" the stranger asked.

"You'll have to ask the police about that," Turk said. "Sergeant Carr at Broadmead will tell you."

The man gave Turk a queer, hard look, but Turk returned it calmly.

"I'll go up and have a look round," said the man.

"And we must be getting back to school. Goodbye," said Turk politely, and got into the boat. As they pulled out of the harbour they saw the stranger climbing the hill. Dick grinned.

"You bluffed him properly, Turk."

"I didn't like the look of him," said Turk, and Denby nodded.

"More did I, young master. That chap baint up to no good, I tell 'ee. Her'd got eyes like a squid's."

Turk laughed. "You've sized him up exactly." Then his brows knitted. "I wish I knew what he was after," he added.

## CHAPTER 4

## Circles of Stone

MR PETERSON told Turk he must take the little black book to Sergeant Carr and ask his permission before sending

it to Mr Brydon. Turk did so, and the sergeant, after carefully turning the pages, shook his head and handed it back.

"If your father can make head or tail out of that stuff he's a wonder, Master Brydon. You can send it along to him. I make no doubt he will let us know if he does find out anything."

"You may be sure of that, Sergeant," Turk replied. "I say, did that ugly fellow with the fishy eyes come to see you?"

The sergeant nodded. "Aye, he came round last evening. Told the same tale he gave to you. Asked if we'd found any papers, and I told him no."

"Did he give his name?"

"Called himself Tallon. Can't say I liked the looks of him."

"I wonder if it was this book he was after?" Turk asked shrewdly.

The sergeant looked up quickly.

"It might be," he allowed. "But the book don't belong to him. It belongs to this Caledon—if that's his name. If there's anything in the book maybe it will help us to find the chap. You send it along. Better do it at once."

The book was posted, and with it a letter from Turk, explaining what it was and where it had been found. Two days later he had a letter from his father.

"My dear Turk, this little book certainly contains a cypher, but without a key it is going to be very difficult to unravel. Still, I will do my best."

"I have had a very kind letter from Mr Tyne in which he asks if I will take his son Tristram for the holidays. He has enclosed a cheque for £50. I have told him that the payment is absurdly high, but he insists that it will be well worth it, so I have accepted. Part of this money I intend to use to keep you for another term at Broadmead. Your mother and I are looking forward to seeing you next Monday week. Your affectionate father, EVERARD BRYDON."

Turk showed this letter to Dick, and Dick was delighted.

"Simply great!" he declared. He paused. "What's the matter with you, Turk? Aren't you pleased?"

Turk shrugged.

"Of course I'll be glad to come back next term, but it's only putting off the evil day. By Christmas there'll be nothing left."

"Wait till Christmas comes. You never know what may turn up," was Dick's cheerful advice. "Now, what about that sweat tomorrow?"

Sweat was the slang word used at Broadmead for a training run. Turk and Dick took one on most half-holidays when there wasn't a match on.

"We'll take the bus up to Stoke Underwood," said Turk, "go across the moor, and come home by South Newton."

Dick nodded. "Suits me," he said.

Next day turned out dull and cloudy, but weather did not matter to Turk or Dick, and as soon as dinner was over they got into shorts and boarded the two o'clock bus. Twenty minutes later they were landed at Stoke, a village on the edge of the moor, and set off at a steady jog-trot. The distance they were set to cover was about seven miles, and all hard going.

"Hope it isn't going to fog up," said Dick, as they came to the top of the big hill leading out of the Arrow Valley.

"Fog tonight," Turk answered, "but we'll get back before it comes on." They turned off the road and made their way across the rough ridge of Barton's Beam. Suddenly Dick stumbled.

"I've ripped the sole off my shoe."

So he had. The shoe was old, the stitching had gone, and three inches of the toe end of the left sole was flapping loose.

Turk frowned, then his face cleared. "It's only a mile to Snailly House. I dare say we can borrow a shoe from the Barlings. If not, Mr Barling will give us a lift to Newton, and we can catch the bus."

Old Tom Barling was a good friend of the boys, and they had more than once had tea in his oddly-named house. He looked at the shoe.

"Her needs a few stitches," he said. "Reckon us can fix un with a harness needle. But 'ee won't be able to run in un."

Kindly Mrs Barling came out. "You'll stop to tea, young gentlemen," she said. "Dough cakes in the oven. They'll be ready in half an hour."

"Hot dough cakes, Mrs Barling," grinned Dick. "What a treat! This is one time I'm glad I bust a shoe. How about it, Turk?"

Turk shrugged.

"I know I couldn't drag you away with a rope, once you've heard of hot dough cakes. Thanks, Mrs Barling, we'll love to stay. But as there's half an hour to spare I'll go as far as the foot of Grim Tor. I want to look at those hut circles."

"I'd thought you'd come far enough already," said Mr Barling, "but go if you must. Only don't be too long or the tea will be black."

"Half an hour," said Turk. "Not a minute longer." He waved his hand and ran off.

During the few minutes the boys had been in the house the weather had got worse. Grey mist capped the great blunt head of Grim Tor.

"Fog tonight," said Turk to himself, "but plenty of time to see the circles." He had to pick his way uphill among thick heather, clumps of gorse, and rough boulders, then he crossed the deep bed of a small brook and came within sight of a rampart of enormous stones which surrounded the prehistoric village of Grim Tor.

The size of the stones amazed Turk, and he wondered how those ancient folk, who had lived here three thousand years ago, had managed to move them. The space within the wall was about five acres, and here were the hut circles also made of large rough boulders piled cunningly together. These had originally been beehive-shaped huts thatched with heather, but now the foundation walls were all that was left.

In this village some long-forgotten tribe had lived and protected themselves and their cattle against the wolves and bears and had fought off enemies from the coast.

Turk walked from one circle to another; he noticed that the circles were not actually circles, for the entrance to each hut was protected by one wall curling outward and lapping over the other. No doubt this was done to keep the wind from blowing straight into the hut.

Turk glanced at his wrist-watch. It was nearly four. He had been longer than he had thought. If he was to get back to the farm in time for tea he would have to start at once. He turned, and as he did so a figure rose out of a thick clump of gorse close beside him.

Turk could hardly believe his eyes, yet there was no mistake. This tall man with the fierce face and wild eyes was the Hermit of Burnt Island.

So surprised was Turk that he hesitated, and that moment's delay was fatal. The big man came leaping upon him. Turk ducked, spun round, and tried to escape, but it was too late. The hermit's great right hand closed on his shoulder.

"You will not escape a second time," said the man in his deep, harsh voice.

TO BE CONCLUDED

## JACKO IS PUZZLED

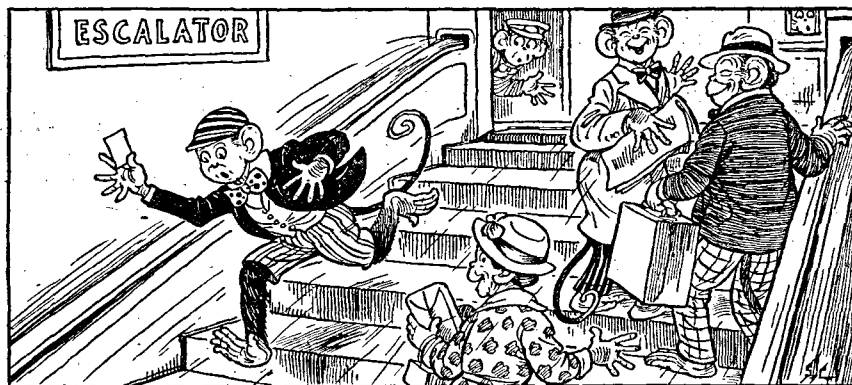
MONKEYVILLE, as everyone knows, prides itself on being a very up-to-date town.

The alterations at the railway station had been going on for a long time, so long that Jacko had lost all interest in them, though at first he had made himself such a nuisance poking his nose here, there, and everywhere that the foreman had in desperation ordered him out.

Father Jacko hurried out into the garden, waving it in his hand. "Here, Jacko!" he cried. "Run after him. You'll just catch him if you are quick."

Jacko dashed out of the house, and arrived at the station breathless. The first thing that caught his eye was the word ESCALATOR.

"Cool! It's finished at last," he murmured.



"Try the other side, lad," called out a jolly old countryman.

"I can't think what they're up to," he had said more than once.

And when Adolphus had remarked loftily, "Putting in an escalator," Jacko had merely replied, "An escalator! What's that?"

But he soon found out, and it annoyed him that he couldn't watch the wonderful moving stairway being erected.

It wasn't often that Jacko had any occasion to go to the station, but one day a business friend of his father came to dinner and went off leaving an important letter behind him.

With a delighted grin, Jacko made a bee-line for it and sprang on.

But to his surprise, instead of carrying him down to the platform, the stairs brought him promptly back to the top.

"Funny staircase this," he panted, as he sprang on again. Only to be brought up to the top once more. Jacko was furious. Why the other passengers thought it funny he couldn't imagine.

"Try the other side, lad," called out a jolly old countryman.

And only then did poor Jacko realise that an escalator is a one-way affair!



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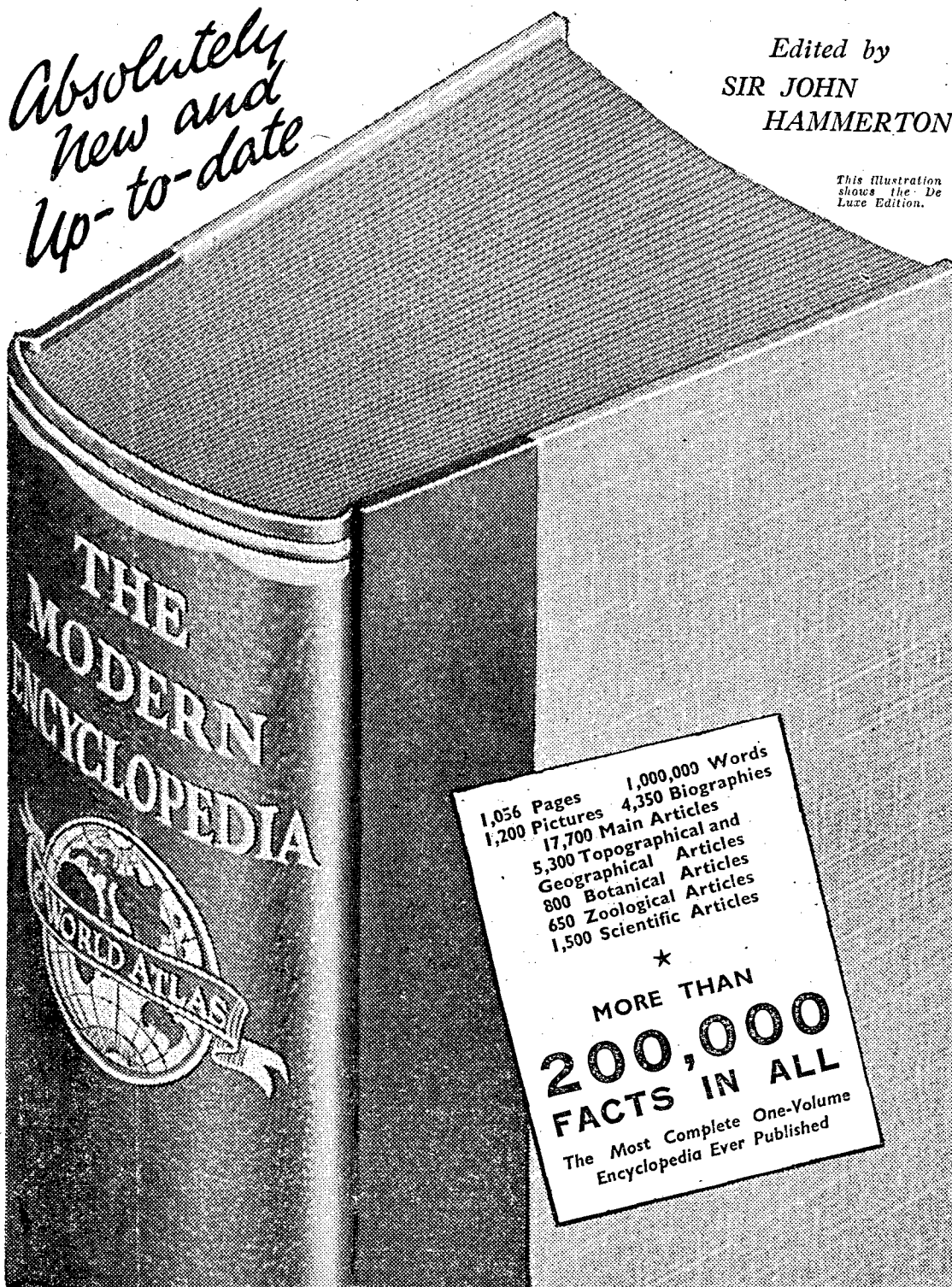
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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 23, 1939

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## THE BRAN TUB

### Knowing the Route

It is said that there is a skipper in New York who has crossed the Atlantic so many times that he knows every wave by sight.

### The Food Problem

A MONKEY escaped from the Zoo. Inquired, "What's a fellow to do?" Although freedom is grand, Nuts are scarce in the Strand, And I find that bananas are too!"

### Ici on Parle Français



Papa daddy Le saumon salmon Le pont bridge

Papa a pêché un gros saumon là-bas, près du vieux pont.

Daddy has caught a big salmon down by the old bridge.

### Hidden Names

IN each of the following sentences is concealed the name or description of a boy or girl in the great movements which Lord and Lady Baden-Powell founded.

We found ourselves on a strange road.

The chicks were reared in an incubator.

"It is a fiasco," uttered the chairman of the meeting.

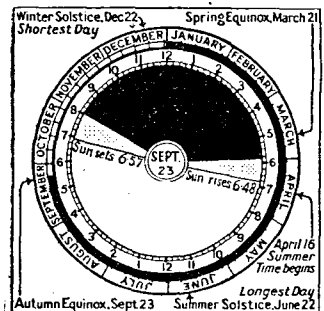
We wandered round for over an hour.

The incident gave Montagu ideas for a short story.

Answer next week

### The CN Calendar

THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on September 23. The black section of

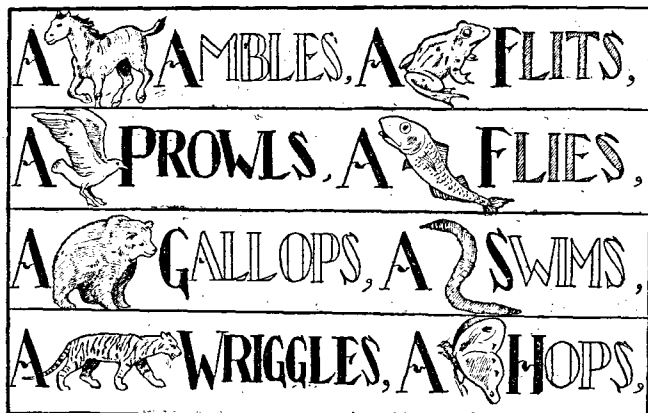


the circle under the months shows how much of the year has gone. The days are now getting shorter.

### A Puzzle a Minute

TAKE, first, the word SAVE, and then the word MADE. Out of each make a sentence of three words, making use of all the letters of each word. Each sentence must, of course, make sense;

## How Do They Move?



THE animals and the words commonly used in describing their movements have been jumbled up in this picture. Can you sort them out and place them in their correct order? Answer next week

and allow yourself not more than a minute for each puzzle.

Answer next week

### A Rhyming Rebus

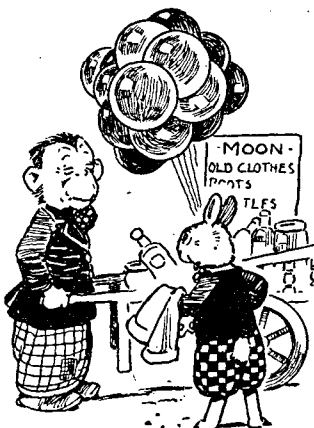
CAN you read the couplet represented here:

done a glutt  
mutt  
and

You make me T c d

Answer next week

### The Old Clothes Man



MY friend Mr Moon Deals in bottles and rags! He'll exchange a balloon For my old flannel bags.

### Tongue Twisters

TONGUE twisters do not need to be long to be difficult. Here is a little verse of four lines which you will find very hard to say:

I know Eno, you know too,  
In fact, we all three know.  
We know Eno, he knows you,  
You know I know Eno.

And a still shorter but scarcely less difficult tongue twister is this sentence of only six words:

Seven Severn salmon swallow several shrimps.  
Try them and see for yourself.

### What Happened on Your Birthday

Sept. 24. Henry Milman, historian, died. 1868  
25. William Rossetti born. 1829  
26. Admiral Collingwood born. 1750  
27. William of Wykeham died. 1404  
28. Louis Pasteur died. 1895  
29. Horatio Nelson born. 1758  
30. George Whitefield died. 1770

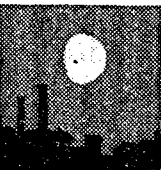
### What Am I?

I CARRY, daily, on the road  
A light or, maybe, heavy load.  
I am, as well, a Christian name,  
A surname, too, of ballad fame.

Answer next week

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Mars is in the south, Jupiter is in the south-east, and Saturn is in the east. In the morning no planets are visible. The picture shows the Moon at ten o'clock on Sunday evening, September 24.



### This Week in Nature

THE autumn berry harvest is now due, and to the birds there is no sight more pleasing than the hawthorn fruit. These little dull-red berries, so familiar to us in their bountiful clusters, are among the sweetest and most welcome items of the diet of small birds, and very necessary to them in their preparations for facing winter's hardships.

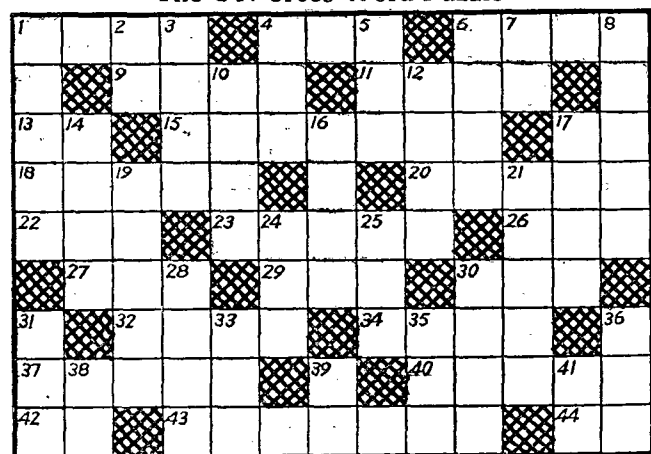
### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Is This Your County? Yorkshire.  
The Missing Words. Rates. Tares. Tears. Stare. Aster.

### Peter Puck's Fun Fair

Flower Puzzle. Geranium and Larkspur. Violet and Dahlia. Lily and Rose.  
Doubling the Fold. Two more hurdles, adding one at each end.

### The CN Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week

Reading Across. 1. An orchestra. 4. To flow back. 6. A poet and singer. 11. Tiny particle of matter. 13. A preposition. 15. In music this means a brisk movement. 17. Indefinite article. 18. A play. 20. To improve. 22. Organ of hearing. 23. A kind of ship. 26. Plaything. 27. Tree frequently found in churchyards. 29. Termination. 30. A liquid measure. 32. Tidy. 34. An exploit. 37. Tiny. 40. To sneeze. 42. Compass point. 43. Asks by authority. 44. Above and touching.

Reading Down. 1. Part of a knife. 2. Negative. 3. One-sixteenth of an ounce. 4. A measure of length. 5. A sack. 6. A long spar on a sailing vessel. 7. Exist. 8. A fop. 10. Exclamation of sorrow. 12. To ensnare. 14. A kind of salver. 16. Famous public school. 17. Quickly. 19. The scene of a contest. 21. Musical composition used as a study. 24. To permit. 25. Not even. 28. To unite pieces of metal. 30. River of northern England. 31. Donkey. 33. A beverage. 35. Termination. 36. A marsh. 38. Myself. 39. Mother. 41. In this manner.

### Tales Before Bedtime

#### The Stepping-Stones

JOHN was delighted when he was sent away into the country to stay at the farm with his cousins.

He had lived in London all his life, except at holiday times, and then he went to the seaside. So country sights and sounds were strange.

The crowing of the cocks in the farmyard woke him up very early, and he was quite excited when, soon after breakfast, his cousins Polly and Tim took him to see their treasures.

First they went to see Tim's pony. John admired it very much, and thought it must be fine to go galloping round on such a handsome creature.

Polly's pet was a plump white hen.

"Don't you think it is the prettiest little hen you ever saw?" she asked proudly.

And John, who had seen very few hens before, answered quite truthfully.

"Yes. But, oh, look at that darling little pig!"

"That's Black Sambo," laughed Polly.

After tea the children were given a basket of freshly-baked bread to take to Granny Brewster.

Granny Brewster lived in an old thatched cottage in the next village, and to reach it they had to cross a meadow with a trout stream running through it.

By lying down flat on the stepping-stones that crossed the stream John could see the fish quite plainly.

He found a stick and tried to tickle them, but they were much too quick for him.

"Come along," cried Polly at last.

But John's head was down close to the water, so close that his face almost touched it.

"I'm going to stay here a bit," he said, without looking up. So the others went on without him.

But they had not gone very far when a startled cry made them turn.

It was John. While he had been intent on watching the fish a sleepy cow had ambled up behind him. "Mooo!"

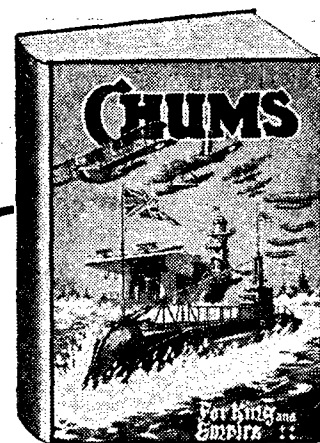
Poor John had jumped nearly out of his skin. "Help!" he shrieked, and sprang to his feet.

The stones were wet. John slipped—and fell headlong into the water.

Of course they soon had him out, and, oh! how they laughed.

"Fancy being scared of an old milch cow," said Tim.

And John answered bravely, "I expect I shan't be again. You see, I thought I was going to be tossed."



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## THOSE THAT REMAIN

must be cared for as usual. At all our seven centres in East London we are continuing our earnest efforts for the SPIRITUAL and MATERIAL WELFARE of the poor. The work must still go on every day of the week without cessation. Whatever problems may face us, we shall be prepared to meet them to the utmost of our resources, and seek your assistance. The calls on the Mission are many and varied. Many children have left; many anxious mothers remain.

The Rev. Percy Ineson, EAST END MISSION, Bromley St., Commercial Rd., Stepney, E.1.

### Bertie Bassett's Diary



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